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Original Poetry.

THE BEGGAR OF NAPLES

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The music of the marriage bell
Woke all the morning air to pleasure,
And breasts there were that rose and fell
To the delightful measure.
Oh, well it were if they might hear alway
The music of their nuptial day
Flowing as o'er enchanted lakes and streams,
Out of the land of dreams—
Sweet sounds that melt but never cease,
Dropt from celestial bells of peace.

Oh, well it were if those rare bridal flowers
Had drunken deep of life's perpetual dews,
Had drunken of those charmed showers
Forever falling in ambrosial hues
Through the far loving skies,
Beyond the flaming walls of long lost Paradise—
Or grown beside that fabled river
Where it is springtime ever;
Where, when the aged pilgrim stooped and drank,
He rose again upon that primrose bank
In all the bloom of youth to bloom forever!
Ah, well for Beauty's transient flowers
If they might bud and bloom in life's autumnal hours
For she, who wore that bridal wreath
Was Naple's noblest child;
The fairest maid that e'er beguiled
An Abbot of a prayerful breath,
And he who rode beside her there
Was Fame and Fortune's richest heir.
One who had come from foreign realms afar
To dance like a new discovered star.
Yet as they passed between the crowd
He looked not scornfully nor proud,
But to the beggars thronging where she came
Scattered the golden coin in generous rain,
And smiled to see their joy at most
And passing then all cared the bride.

The merry bells make music sweet,
But never to the beggar's ear
Fell music half so sweet and clear
As the chime of gold which strikes the street—
It drowns their bells to wanton rejoicing,
And this their hearts will glad be ringing,
Then ever bells will swing or ring.
Even though the city be one bride;
Should allow the very bell be rung,
To chime for the wedding of a king
Such sights to me will always bring
The story of a beggar, who
Perchance has oft been begged of too—
And here the tale may well be told
To wile away this idle and
That keeps us from our happy fate.
For Time is on a honeyed road
Whose wings are sunny gold and long,
A [illegible] pleasure to our song
But nothing on [illegible]
As deep of gold as Mercury.

[illegible]

Dispensed a welcome rain.
Now that his soul had passed from its eclipse
All things at once became a glorious show—
Now could he see the painted pictures glow—
And instantly unto his lips
Rolled fragments of old song—
Fragments, which had been thrown
Into his heart unknown,
And buried there had lain in silence deep and long.
He saw his fellows kneel where he had knelt
With tattered garb and supplicating air—
And for the first time in his life he felt
How mean was his attire, and that his feet were bare.
He sighed and bit his lips and passed away,
And from that day
His fellows idly as before,
Without a hope, without a care,
Stood clustered in the sunny air,
But there the beggar boy was seen no more.
His childhood, like a dry and windy bar
Lay all behind him as he hurled
His soul's hot bark to sea, and wide unfurled
The straining sail upon a billowy world.
And now he passed the varied fleet afar,
And sad tempestuous waves of war
Defied the Saracen and Death,
And won the warrior's laurel wreath,
And gave his beggar name to Fame's tumultuous breath.

[illegible]

Pictures of Life.

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER I.

It was Alice Wynyard's wedding day.

I had had a weary two months—for our household atmosphere was full of storms. My good cousin, John Wynyard, long withstood all my arguments and his daughter's tears, before he would take Mr. Sylvester for his son-in-law. I could never clearly understand how Alice learned to love her betrothed; but love him she did, and I saw it was breaking the heart of the child—what in seventeen but late childhood?—to part her from him, so I threw all my influence into the scale, until at last we gained the point. And yet I did it more for the sake of my Alice—the motherless child who had been my darling my fourteen years, than from regard toward Arthur. I could not teach myself to love that wayward, doubtful—Arthur Sylvester; and perhaps it was only a vague prejudice—and was feeling went.

I knew that my nephew, Everard Brooke, was devoted to Alice—loved her with every pulse of his true and noble heart. She never guessed it—no one in the world, but I. Alas! that they had not read another's heart, who have since fathomed the deep fountains of their own. From my soul I pitied that poor desolate boy.

I went into Alice's room late on the night before her wedding. She had been reading in the Bible—her dead mother's Bible—her fair head rested on the open page, and her hands were clasped together. I stood at the door,—I could not disturb her, but as her beautiful was she in her attitude of graceful abandon, her white drapery, and her long, loose-falling hair. I heard her lips murmur—she was praying for him.

"Bless my Arthur—my own—my husband!"

"Amen!" said I, softly, as I touched her shoulder, and she started from her seat. Her eyes sought mine with a doubtful look, as if they would pierce into my soul.

"You think he has need of blessing," cried Alice, suddenly. "Ah! I know there is no one here who loves him but I."

"I said not so, Alice."

"No! but you thought it, Aunt Susan,"—she always called me aunt. "Well, I care not, my love will atone for all. My Arthur, my noble Arthur! How dare they doubt him!" said Alice, proudly, as she drew herself up, and her head was thrown back, and her lips curled, while fight hot eyes beamed indignation. Oh, how perfect was that young heart's faith in its idol! My eyes swam in tears; I shrank abashed before that gentle child, so strong in her loving trust. I would at that moment have staked my life for Sylvester's worth, who had excited feelings so deep and so true. The shadow of her angel nature was reflected upon him, too.

In my dreams that night, Alice's bridegroom seemed to be the very ideal of all that was noble, and good, and beautiful. But I had no time for dreaming. The wedding-day was come! Oh, ye romantic damsels! I know that a wedding-day brings other thoughts than those of trembling happy love, and cupids, and rose leaves. Some one of the maiden housekeeper if she confesses, that while her first thought was of sweet Alice, her second was of the wedding breakfast, lest aught should mar the effect of the whole, and change to wintry storms the passing autumn sunshine which we had brought to Mr. Wynyard's countenance.

I did not go with them to church—I could not.

"Miss Susan never thinks about such things;—her time for love and weddings is past, if it ever existed," I heard one of the bridesmaids whisper. "She never cared for any one, to say nor for her."

Oh, heart, be still! what is the babble of foolish tongues to thee? Thou hast throbbed and grown calm; let the days of thy youth be like a troubled dream. With thee the strife is passing—it is near morning! Be still, be still!

When Alice Sylvester crossed her father's doorway, I was there waiting for her. I took her in my arms and kissed her; she wept a little, but it was only a summer shower; her rosy lips trembled and dimpled with happiness. I untied her white bonnet, and smoothed her hair; but she said she would come with me until breakfast was ready, and unlinked her arm from her bridegroom's. He looked restless and moody; his wild black eyes wandering from one to the other with a troubled gaze.

"You will not go, Alice?" he said, holding her hand fast. "I must not lose you."

"Only for a few moments, dear Arthur," she answered; and then, seeing how agitated he appeared, she laid her hand on his with a soothing smile, and whispered, "No more parting, no one can part us now, my husband."

He took her in his arms, kissed her, and ere she was out of sight I saw him dash into the garden, leaving the wedding party to think of it as they would. "Truly, a strange bridegroom!" muttered some of them, and the father's face grew so dark that I trembled for the consequences.

"Thank Heaven, Alice is right, no one can part them now," I thought to myself, as I followed the bride up stairs.

She was very quiet and composed, thoughtful for me and for all in the house; leaving messages and tokens for friends and dependents, and forgetting no one.

"I should have been less sorry to go, Aunt Susan, if my father had not been so kind latterly. He will learn to know my Arthur in time, I think.—I am glad that we are married thus peacefully with his consent; it is much happier. But," she added, while her cheek flushed, and her eye dilated, "had it not been so, no power on earth should have parted Arthur from me; I would have married him, and followed him to the world's end. I dare say it now, for I am his wife, and God only knows how I love my husband!"

How fondly the girl's lips lingered over those new, sweet words, "*my husband!*" I could only press her to my heart, and only pray that such a love might know no cloud.

"There is Arthur, walking in the shrubbery!" cried the bride, as her quick eyes caught a sight of his figure. "He is weary of waiting for me,—I have kept him too long alone. Forgive me, dear Aunt Susan," she continued, hesitating, and slightly blushing, "it is not that I love you less—but—but—"

"Go to your husband, my Alice," said I, trying to smile through my tears; I felt a light kiss on my forehead, and in a few moments more I saw a white dress fluttering through the trees leading to the little summer house. "Ah, well! I ought to have known before now, that a maiden regards all the world as nothing, in comparison with him she loves."

"Where are the bride and bridegroom? we want to cut the cake over their heads," said the sportive damsels who had attended their late playfellow to the altar.

"Ay—where is Alice? she might think of her old father a little," grumbled Mr. Wynyard.

"She is walking in the garden, for I sent her," I hastily apologized.

"You, cousin!—what business had you to do any such thing? Go and fetch her directly!" And I hurried away.

The summer-house was at the end of a pleasant shady walk. I knew I should find the young lovers there, for it was a place they had loved—the place where their hearts had first been [illegible] the spell of silence, and passed out their secret, each to each. There was something sacred in the spot ever after. I trod softly, and lingered on my way; but ere I reached the summer-house, there came from it a woman's cry, long, shrill, terrible. Oh, God! I hardly knew my Alice's voice. I rushed forward—the door was fastened—I burst it open with a superhuman strength.

There, on the floor, crouched the bride; her eyes staring with wild, her face turned with an expression of the wildest terror. [illegible] ing from her something [illegible] on her white dress. Over her stood the bridegroom, glaring upon her with his inflamed eyes, while in his uplifted hand sparkled a dagger. I sprang in—he let it fall—and fled, with a yell like that of a wild beast, across the fields.

Arthur Sylvester had gone mad on his wedding day!

* * * * * *

It was not until many weeks after that fearful bridal, that my Alice lifted up her head from the pillow to which I had borne her like an infant. She had received no wound except the slight one in her arm, which had probably intercepted the first blow of the maniac, and thereby saved her life. But she never could only conjecture, for she never recalled to human being what passed in that fatal summer house. When the terrible crisis was over, Alice never named her husband's name, nor [illegible] or look, give any sign that the dreams had [illegible] the past. Only once, when she lay regaining her wasted [illegible] a [illegible] thought seemed to flash across her mind—the working ring was on her [illegible]. I had taken it away by the physician's order, that there might be nothing there that would be terrible to her—she looked at me earnestly, and pointed to her right finger.

"I would not indulge her."

"Another time, my child, when you are better," I whispered. "You must not talk now. Try to sleep, my Alice."

[illegible]

From that time Alice silently recovered. Her slighted mind and body gathered strength together, and, by slow degrees, she [illegible] herself again. In the early days of her convalescence, we had taken her far away from the home which had witnessed so terrible a scene. [illegible] made our abode in a quiet, lonely sea-side [illegible] Alice, her old father, and I. We would not [illegible] terrors the desolate bride.

My Cousin Wynyard was almost as much to be pitied as his child. At first he had been nigh insane with anguish, not unmixed with angry and cursed himself daily for ever consenting to the marriage, and poured terrible anathemas on the head of him whom a higher power had so terribly stricken. Many were the stories abroad of the sudden paroxysm which had laid the stricken Arthur Sylvester that awful spectacle, a living body without a reasoning soul. Some whispered of the power of conscience, and of some mysterious crime thus justly punished. True, the world said Arthur Sylvester had lived, in his early youth, a gay thoughtless life—but the world is a harsh judge over the unfortunate. It could not be that Alice, the pure angel-like maiden, had loved one who was a sinner of so deep a dye, that his own conscience had been to him as the thunderbolt of Heaven's vengeance. It was a mystery too deep to penetrate. My very soul shuddered when I thought of the proud and handsome bridegroom—a howling maniac in his cell; the noble form [illegible]—the lofty mind, which Alice had so worshipped, shattered and sunk into chaotic weakness. Oh, Alice! Alice! hadst thou but heard what I heard at that unfortunate—lay, ever thou stood John Wynyard, whose heart was so full of bitterness against the destroyer of thy peace, even thou wouldst have melted into tears, hadst thou listened to the tale.

It was my nephew, Everard Brooke, whom I charged to follow my injunctions [illegible] Alice's husband. He did not be sought out the reason, why had fled wildly over the country—watched over him, and guarded him from doing injury to himself or to others, until he was restored to his friends. When Everard told me how he had had Arthur Sylvester idly playing with straws, talking to a sweet-chamber and calling it Alice Wynyard, until he went and as sat weeping over him, I felt thankful that he could not more have uttered by Alice, so that I could still keep her in ignorance of her husband's state.

With Everard only could I talk calmly over what had passed, and what was to be done for the future. My Cousin Wynyard would hear no allusion to the unhappy man; the moment I mentioned Arthur's name he would burst out into invectives and imprecations, that made my blood run cold.

"God's curse is upon him, and may the curse of it be borne, the burden of his sin," John Wynyard would say. "His name is hateful to my ears—what is he more?"

"But Alice loved him—he is her husband."

"It is—and I readily gave her to him—and I will break it." Thus raved Alice's father; and, at the time I did not heed his words, but I soon found out their purport.

One day, when he came to pay his daily visit to Alice's chamber, she, in talking to him, laid her left hand on his arm. The wedding-ring shone brightly on the thin white finger. It caught his eye, and immediately his whole countenance darkened. He put the hand aside, and walked out of the room. Immediately I was summoned to his presence.

"Cousin Susan, how dare you let Alice wear that accursed ring? Did not Dr. Egerton take it from her finger, and say she was never to see it?"

"But the poor child entreated. Oh, cousin, if you had seen her look! I could not keep it from her; I cannot take it away."

"But I say you shall. The very sight tortures me. I would that it were at the bottom of the sea, with him who gave it. Take it off, Susan; hide it—steal it—or I will not come near my child."

"It is cruelty, to take from a wife her wedding ring."

"I tell you, she is no wife. I can free her; and I will." And the storm of passion began to rise so violently that it was a joyful escape for me, when Alice's maid summoned me to her mistress.

She was weeping—my poor child! Oh, thou stern John Wynyard! I almost hated thee at that moment.

"Why did my father go away—is he angry? Ask him to come back again, Aunt Susan," said Alice, now rendered doubly sensitive by weakness. "What have I done to offend him? Do not deceive me—tell me the truth; you always do." And her eyes were fixed so earnestly on mine that for my life's worth I could not have framed an excuse.

"You must not feel pained, my dearest," I whispered; "your father will get over it in time—but now he does not like to see this;" and I touched the ring.

I expected Alice would have wept more than ever; but not so. Her tears ceased, and the low complaining tone of sickness became firm and composed.

"What does my father desire, Aunt Susan?" she said, almost sternly.

"If you would take it off—and not wear it for a little."

I started to see the sick girl rise from her pillowed chair, and stand upright on her feet, in an attitude of almost fierce defiance.

"How dares my father ask this! Can he expect a wife to give up the symbol of her marriage? I will not do it. I am a wife without a husband—a wife only in name; but I will keep that name while I live. Go, and tell my father so!"

She sank back in her chair, and I saw she trembled like an aspen leaf, though her words were so firm. I laid her head on my bosom, and soothed her like a child. Then her feelings burst forth in one long, mournful cry.

"Oh, aunt, you know my heart was broken—why did you torture it thus?"

A wretch that had committed murder could not have felt more guilty than I did then.

After a time Alice's words became more calm. "It is well, perhaps, that the ice is now broken, that I dare speak of what lies day and night upon my heart, like a leaden weight. Aunt Susan, answer me truly, tell me, where is Arthur? where is my husband?"

"He is safe at present—but—"

"I know it—you need not utter the horrible word. Oh, my Arthur—my own! Why did I live to see this day?"

She said no more, but lay back in her chair. For hours she remained motionless, with folded hands and closed eyes, looking like a marble statue. I sat beside her, pondering over life and its mysteries, and thinking, with a trembling heart, of the long, dark future which lay before that young creature; a sorrowful, without its patient hopelessness [illegible] the calm and holy shadow of death, which in time brings peace to the most bruised heart. I thought of her, and then of him, and I knew not which was the most bitter lot, that of the maniac husband, or the worse than widowed wife.

After this painful scene, Aunt became so much worse that her father was considerably alarmed. I [illegible] what had passed between us, every word; [illegible] and not make a single reply. I led him where Alice lay, in a heavy slumber, approaching insensibility, and I saw that he was touched. He wished to send for Dr. Egerton; but I told him it was useless, that calmness of mind alone was necessary for Alice's recovery. He could not understand how any mental agitation could have made her so much worse—men never can. The wife may [illegible] the agony of a broken limb, but they have no sympathy for a broken heart. Well! I am an old maid—I have a right to speak as all of the other sex as I list, and I can truly affirm that I never knew one man living who had a really feeling heart.

Yes—I recall one word that was my dear good Everard. He was a comfort and a strengthener to me, to all his old friends. To an almost womanly tenderness, he united clear sense and firmness such as few men can boast. In Mr. Wynyard's first paroxysm of anger and despair, Everard's influence over him was marvellous. My son, alas! was considerably weakened; for it was hardly surprising that, in the loneliness of his wealth and pride, my cousin entertained the idea this marriage, which I now regard through love towards my sweet child. Perhaps I was wrong—but yet, when the time comes ever again, I think I should do the same. Everard stood manfully between me and the tempest of wrath; he was an angel of peace and consolation. Yet this was he whose heart the arrow had pierced; and I knew it was there still—and must remain forever. Noble, self-denying Everard! When, as Alice recovered, I saw him watching her like a brother, in our quiet circle, soothing the consideration as young stepping to divert her thoughts, soothing the conflicting passions of father and daughter, and never by word or look giving sign of what I knew was in his heart, then I felt assured that there was not man in the world who loved truly and unselfishly. It restored my faith in the whole sex.

After the little episode of the wedding ring, John Wynyard's anger seemed to fall. He said no more on the subject, and, after a time, Everard persuaded him to visit his daughter again. What irresistible influence our intercourses did I see but the understanding should again catch his eye' and so finding the poor erring hand held in my own after times. I longed for the prettiest pair of gloves in the world, to keep the ring, pale fingers warm during those winter days. Whether he yielded to Alice's determination or not, I cannot tell; but he said nothing. However, by degrees, the matter faded away, and Alice's health improved, for whole weeks together, and spent morning after morning in consultation with the lawyer. Somehow or another that man's visits were always heralded by the warning of an unseen—the creature! with his wiry tone, his crooked nose, and his keen black eyes. I disliked him instinctively, for I knew there was some dark purpose dawning in John Wynyard's mind, of which that this man was the instrument.

We—that is, Everard, my cousin, and I—were sitting round the fire, after Alice had retired; poor thing! she always slept away early, and said often that it was her only happy time. I wondered to yearn for night to come and bring her forgetfulness. Here and there was the longing for even a temporary oblivion? I wondered not at those who seek repose in slumber and a deeper sleep.

"Cousin," said Mr. Wynyard, suddenly breaking a long, uncomfortable silence which had fallen upon us, "that Alice gives up that foolish notion about the ring?"

I hardly knew what to answer, but Everard spoke for me.

"Surely, sir, you will not revive a subject so painful. Let it rest, for Alice's sake."

"It is chiefly for her sake that I will not let it rest. And now, Cousin Susan, and Everard, I will tell you what I have been long thinking about, and what I intend to do. My girl shall not be tied for life to a villain, a madman."

"Hush, hush, cousin!" I entreated; "speak not thus of him; remember, he is Alice's husband in the sight of God and man."

"But the marriage can be dissolved, and it shall; my child shall not bear the name of a wretch, an assassin. The law shall make her free. If it costs me half my fortune, I will get a divorce, by Heaven, I will!" and he struck the table violently, uttering a stronger asseveration than I dare write.

Trembling in every limb, "My poor Alice! it will break her heart!" was all I could say.

"Pooh, pooh! girls' hearts are not so easily broken. Five years hence she will thank me for this. At eighteen, to be bound for life to a maniac; a widow, without a widow's freedom; it would be chaining together a dead body and a living one. No, cousin; neither law, common sense, nor justice, can sanction that."

There was reason in what he said; I could not deny it. Alice was only a girl; and girlhood's love, warm and gushing as it is, will change sometimes. If the time should come when she might find the nominal tie, to which her riven soul now clung so fondly, a burthen and a galling chain—if she should love again, or another should love her—I turned to look at Everard. His face was ashen; his lips were compressed, as if in a spasm of acute pain. A hope, wild, mad, as passing as a meteor—but yet a distinct hope—had entered his soul, and the reaction from despair to even a glimmer of joy, was such that it became almost suffering.—He was like a man brought suddenly from freezing cold to light and warmth, to whom the change gives sharp but momentary pain through the entire frame.

God forgive me if, when I looked at him, I forgot even Alice's sorrow! If she could be free—if we could be brought in time to love him—so noble as he was—so faithful—so true-hearted; superior to Arthur Sylvester in all things save in outward appearance—nay, to me, he seemed as handsome as Alice's choice; but then it was not young Everard alone that I saw in the clear brown eyes, the soft curling hair, so dear and well-known of old!

"Have neither of you a word to say?" cried John Wynyard, impatiently, after a long silence. "But perhaps it is as well; for I tell you my mind is made up; this very day I have taken the first legal steps in the affair. Everard Brooke, you are a man of sense, though you are but young; tell me, am I not right? Alice must consent."

Everard lifted up his head like one roused from a dream. "It is so sudden—I can hardly say—you must consider this well before you act, Mr. Wynyard."

"I tell you I have considered, and fully; you are a man, and will at once see the justice of the case; but as for Cousin Susan there, with her womanish nonsense about feelings and broken hearts, why, she must will get over them as fast as she can, and persuade Alice to do so, too. A fine thing to have a madman for a son-in-law!—and my pretty Alice pining her life away in her father's house, neither old maid, wife, nor widow, when she might have the best men in England at her feet. I will endure no such thing. Arthur Sylvester is hateful to me; I will not suffer my child even to bear his name. I tell you, I will have a divorce!"

Louder and louder grew John Wynyard's tones—his vehement gestures and excited looks engrossed the attention of us both, so that neither Everard nor I observed that the door opened, and a female person stood among us.

It was Alice! and she had heard all!

If a ghost from the dead had risen up in the midst, we could not have looked more aghast. And, truly, the girl's own appearance was like that of the dead rather than the living. She walked up to her father's chair, caught his arm convulsively, and looked into his face with her stony eyes, until he seemed absolutely to quail beneath them. At last there came from between her white lips words terribly calm—

"Father, you say my husband is mad—I know it—but I am his wife still. If you tear me from him, I will curse you to your face, and then die."

When she had said this, her whole frame seemed to collapse, like that of a corpse suddenly animated, and then sinking down again, cold, still, and dead, as before. Her arms fell, her eyes closed, and Everard carried her out totally insensible.

My Cousin Wynyard was not, on the whole, a harsh man, still less an unkind father, but he had vehement antipathies, and was obstinate, when he once determined on a project; nay, such are the ins and outs of human nature, that generally the worse the scheme, the more bent he was upon it. His hatred for poor Arthur Sylvester outweighed even his love for Alice. In his determination there might have been some lingering of care for her future fate, as he had stated, but I verily believe he thought of himself first and his child afterwards. He would have moved the whole world, have sacrificed everything he loved, rather than the blot of Sylvester's name should ever darken the family pedigree of the Wynyards. Scarcely had Alice recovered, when he began the attack again. This time, however, he put me entirely out of the question, regarding me as an ally on the other side, and tried to enlist my nephew in his cause.

Now came the struggle in Everard's breast. Day after day he listened to Mr. Wynyard's arguments, until hope—vague as it was—whispered to him that there was reason in them, and that the cold-hearted father might be right after all; and then, on the other hand, when he saw the face of the broken spirited girl, he hated himself for conceiving this wild hope, the fulfilment of which must be purchased by such torture to her. Poor Alice grew paler and paler every day, but neither threats nor arguments could induce her to give her consent to this divorce; and without her will Mr. Wynyard knew it could not legally be accomplished. He entreated Everard to seek to persuade her.

"You were children together," he said one day, when in Alice's absence he was discussing the usual agonizing subject with Everard, and while I sat in a corner, my lips closed, but my ears open. "Everard, Alice would always listen to you,—she was so fond of you—you two were like brother and sister, as one may say. If you would persuade her, she might consent. The lawyer comes to-morrow, and I want to do things quietly. We might soon get the formalities over, and Alice would be free."

"Alice free! Alice free!" muttered Everard, and his whole countenance brightened. But in a moment it fell again. "Mr. Wynyard, this is cruel—I cannot—I dare not urge her. Do not ask me!"

"You are a fool, Everard Brooke," angrily returned Mr. Wynyard. "Don't you see it is for Alice's good?—A woman is no use in the world at all, unless she has half a dozen children and a house to be mistress of. *I* want to see my girl fairly married to some one I like,—some one who will make her happy,—in short, just such a fellow as yourself, Everard!—Who knows but she might choose you?"

Everard grew very pale, and his lips trembled, but he drew himself up, and said, almost proudly—"Mr. Wynyard, I do not understand this jesting."

"Pshaw! you foolish boy,—you are standing in your own light! Do you think I cannot see as far through a stone wall as most people? You and Alice used to play at husband and wife when you were babies; and you, at least, would have kept up the game now, but for that man.—I wish he had been dead before Alice saw him! But, to speak plainly, Everard Brooke, I see you would be well content to have Alice for a wife; and you may take her with my good will and blessing."

Everard covered his face with his hands! Oh! how bitter was the strife!—Love fighting against love—the earthly passion which desires its own fulfilment, against the holy, pure, divine essence, in which self is absorbed and annihilated, which seeks only the happiness of the beloved one! Everard!—dear Everard!—how my heart clung to thee in that struggle!

Mr. Wynyard's coarse voice broke the dead silence; "Well, my dear boy!—you see I am right now—and you will help me,—gain the best little wife in England into the bargain. See, there she is, walking in the garden. Go and persuade her, and we will have all right directly."

Everard lifted up his head, and saw Alice as she slowly passed the window. Her gait, her attitude were marks of utter dejection; there was no life, no hope, in the marble like face that drooped upon her bosom. Her eyes had no expression save that of vague apathy;—she looked the picture of stricken despair. Everard started to his feet in a burst of indignation:—

"Mr. Wynyard—if you have any feeling—look there! Is that the girl you would make an object of barter—a bribe—regarding her own free choice as little as if it were your horse, instead of your child, that you were disposing of? I will not do this. I would not be a party to such cruelty—not for the world's wealth."

"Then you scorn my daughter—you despise her?" muttered Mr. Wynyard between his set teeth.

"Scorn Alice!—despise Alice!" repeated Everard.

"Yes; you came here with your girl's face, and your pining and puling, and it was all false! You love her, indeed!"

Every muscle of Everard's face quivered, and yet he tried to speak calmly:—"Mr. Wynyard, I will tell you, what I never breathed before, because I knew it was in vain—that I do love Alice, that I have loved her from boyhood,—that I would give my life and soul for her. And, because I loved her, I never told her this, lest it should cause her a moment's pain. Can I torture her poor broken spirit now? No; it would be cowardly—dishonorable. To win Alice, I would sacrifice everything—save her peace and my own honor."

Oh, noble spirit of true love—the earnest, the self-denying,—how thou didst shine out in every lineament of young Everard's face as he spoke!—Surely the good angel which had triumphed in his soul stood behind him invisibly, and shed upon him brightness and glory from its heavenly wings.—Alice! Alice! how couldst thou not love Everard?

My Cousin Wynyard stood a few moments, confounded; he was unprepared to meet such firmness. It incensed him beyond endurance. In a burst of anger, such as I had rarely witnessed even in him, he forbade Everard's ever entering his house more, and rushed to his own study, locking the door with violence.

Then I crept out from my corner, where Mr. Wynyard's commands had sealed my tongue, and went up to my dear nephew. I laid my hand on his shoulder:—

"Everard, my own good noble Everard,—take comfort!"

He seized my hands, pressed his forehead upon them, and wept like a child.

My life has been lonely: it was my destiny.—No child has ever nestled in my bosom, and called me mother!—the yearnings, the mysteries of maternity, were not for me to know;—and yet, had it been otherwise, there is love in my heart's depths that would—I feel it would—have answered to the call. But if ever I experienced the faint shadowings of what mother-love must be, it was when I bent over Everard Brooke, and tried to pour comfort into his bruised spirit. In that hour I could have shed the dearest blood of my own heart to bring peace to his.

Everard went away, and Alice was not told of the cause of his departure; even John Wynyard had sufficient delicacy and good feeling to agree to this; but not the less did he persevere in his constant endeavors to win over Alice to his will.—And I—my heart was torn by conflicting feelings; on one side Alice and her sorrows—on the other Everard; why, oh! why was it, that these two had not loved one another and been happy? At times I was almost ready to acknowledge that my Cousin Wynyard had the right on his side after all, and that his persecution was only the rough but kindly ministering of the leech, who wounds for a time in order to heal at last.

The wisest of all wise men says, "A continual dropping weareth away the stone," and so it was in the case of my poor Alice. Yet, perchance, her consent might never have been gained to the act which parted her from her husband, so passionately loved, had not fate overruled matters so as to win from grief, and filial duty, the concession which would never have been yielded to threats and harshness. Mr. Wynyard fairly stormed and argued himself into a severe illness; and then, like all men, he grew alarmed, felt sure that his doom was come, and took most touching farewells of all the household. My poor Alice, struck with terror and remorse by what she believed the result of her own opposition to her father, promised solemnly to fulfil his dying injunction, (I must say this for my good cousin, that he really thought himself *in articulo mortis,*) and be separated from the unfortunate Arthur Sylvester.

The deed was done—that evil genius, Lawyer Doubletongue, effected it without delay—and Alice was free. By her father's commands, even her maiden name was to be reassumed, that the marriage might be utterly blotted out from all men's minds. I shall never forget the day when that hateful Doubletongue first addressed Alice as *Miss Wynyard.*

She had moved about the whole day, pale, dreamy, and silent, only seeming conscious of herself when beside her invalid father. But the instant that **same** struck on her ear—the signal that all was over—that she was Arthur's wife no longer—it had the effect of a thunder-clap. She drew up her tall stature with icy haughtiness, and looked at the mean shrinking reptile before her as though she could have trodden him beneath her feet.

"This to me, sir! you forget yourself!" And then her tone changed—she glanced wildly round, pressed her hand to her brow; "No, no! I see it now! it is I who forget. Ah, me! ah, me! all over!" She fled from the room, and I found her lying crouched on the floor of her own chamber in strong convulsions. It was the most fearful struggle, and the last. Alice and her husband were parted by a legal divorce. Alas! this was of little moment to the poor maniac, who was doomed to spend his life in darkness—the most awful darkness, the darkness of the soul. But with all my pity for the unhappy man, I felt a vague relief, that, whether he recovered or not, Alice could be no more to him than the stranger in the street; they were husband and wife no longer—not even in name.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Our Portrait Gallery.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

Our readers will remember that the Archbishop of Paris was killed during the late insurrection in Paris, in endeavoring to stop the strife between the insurgents, and the National Guard and Garde Mobile. It was on a Sunday that this venerable Prelate offered to go to the insurgents on a message of peace. Cavaignac remonstrated, but in vain. Attended by his two vicars, with an olive branch borne before him, he advanced to one of the barricades. The firing ceased for a short time, but then a musket was fired—on which side is not known—and then a cry of "Treason" arose, and both parties commenced again the work of death. The Archbishop was thus placed between two fires: he showed no alarm; he never thought of escaping to the right or left. He advanced towards the barricade, and still accompanied by his Vicars-General, he mounted it and reached the summit. He was then in view of both parties. The balls whistled round him, but at this time appeared to respect him. One of his attendants had three balls through his hat. But his sacrifice was to be completed. He came down from the Calvary where death had spared him, and had scarcely descended a few steps when he fell pierced in the loins by a ball which appeared to have come from a window at the side. A faithful servant who followed him, unknown to his master, endeavored to catch him in his arms, but was himself wounded in the side. Let us, however, render justice to every one; the insurgents ran to his assistance, and carried him to the Hospital of the Quinze Vingts, and placed a guard over him. They procured the signatures of all present to attest that he was not shot by the persons to whom he had just spoken, and they appeared very anxious to have this point clearly stated.

The news of the event soon spread through the faubourg, and produced an extraordinary sensation. In an hour afterwards the firing ceased, not to recommence. The Christian calmness and serenity which induced and sustained the conduct of the Archbishop never left him. On his Vicar-General, M. Jacquemet, rejoining him, the Archbishop begged him, as a friend, to tell him what he thought of his condition. "Is my wound serious?" "It is very much so." "Is my life in danger?" "It is." "Well, then," replied the Archbishop, "let God be praised, and may He accept the sacrifice which I again offer Him for the salvation of this misguided people. May my death expiate the sins which I have committed during my episcopacy." He afterwards confessed, and received the sacrament of extreme unction, preserving throughout his severe sufferings all his presence of mind, and expressing a satisfaction full of simplicity and grandeur at having accomplished what he called his duty. "Life is short," he often repeated, "and the term which still remained to me could have been but short; I have sacrificed little for God, for the men created in His image, and repurchased with His blood."

"On Monday morning he was carried to his Palace; and, as he passed through the streets, the people all fell on their knees with a feeling of veneration. He was escorted to his residence by a party of the Garde Mobile. The countenance of one of those gallant youths particularly struck him, as he had seen him fighting, and, after having received a wound in the head, wrest a sabre from the hand of his assailant. He beckoned him to approach, and having still strength enough to raise his arms, he detached a small crucifix which he wore suspended round his neck, and gave it to the young hero, saying—'Never part with this cross—place it near your heart; it will bring you happiness.' The young man, whose name is Francois Delavrignere, of the 7th company of the 4th battalion, joined his hands in an attitude of prayer, and swore to preserve forever the precious souvenir of the venerable dying prelate."

The good Archbishop died shortly after his arrival at his Palace, in the Ile St. Louis, blessing all around, and praying to God that his blood might be the last shed under such circumstances.

Original Poetry.

TO HELEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Bird of my bosom!—thou dost bring
A flash of sunlight on thy wing,
And in thy carol breathes the voice,
The joy of all things that rejoice;
Thou bringest gleams of summer bowers,
Of twinkling leaves and dew-kissed flowers—
With thee floats in a rose-perfume—
Thou art thyself a winged bloom!
I pray thee let me ne'er behold
Thy pinions fair for flight unfold,
Thy radiant shape depart—
Afar through life's dreary wilds to rove,
Forsake thou not thy home of love,
Thy nestling place, my heart!

'Tis said that heart is Poesy's harp,
A lute which Pleasure plays,
And Love's own dimpled fingers wake
To gay, or mournful lays;—
Then grieve not should strains sad or harsh
Rise sometimes from its strings
When thou dost jar the silver chords
With the fluttering of thy wings.

Our Correspondents

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

New York, August 6th. }
Liverpool, 28th, 1848. }

Formerly, when a man was about to cross the great deep, he would make his will, call his friends and acquaintances together, and bid them an affectionate farewell; feeling that in all probability he would not see them again. But now we are so much in the habit of travelling, and the communication with the old world, so speedy and safe, that we hardly stop to say good bye to those who may be near us. And a formal farewell is scarcely expected on the part of friends. Still, with one who is going abroad with the expectation of travelling for several years, through countries rent with revolution and with reform, "when pestilence walketh in darkness, and destruction wasteth at noonday," there is a deep feeling of uncertainty with regard to his return. And to tear himself away from beloved relatives, and long-cherished friends is severe and painful, and would be borne with difficulty, even were it not for that wise arrangement of our Creator and Governor, who has constituted us to act as well as feel. There are many things to be attended to in the outfit on such a journey. The circumstances in which one is placed, vary with his latitude and longitude, and it is necessary that the traveller, as well as the mariner, use his quadrant and thermometer, throw his lead and log, and see what changes of weather are indicated by his barometer. He also may find it necessary to "gammon the bowsprit," "bitt the cable," "brace the yards," "reef the spanker," "haul home the topsails," "peak the mizzen," or, "port the helm;" at any rate he will find it necessary to change his American *Eagles* for British *Sovereigns.* That fine bird of America, that can look upon the sun with his eye undimmed, is no more admired in England now than the old Roman Eagle was in the days of Julius Cæsar.—it is still met on landing by the English *Sovereign* and one soon learns that American Eagles will buy bread in England but little better than in Heaven. So take my advice, go into Wall Street and buy English Sovereigns, at $4,87, which will be worth $4,80 in England. Possibly you may be able to do a trifle better than I did, but probably you will not. I had supposed, in fact, I had been told, that European Sovereigns were at a discount since the elopement of Louis Philippe and his wife, but I found that it was not the case. Having disposed of all my patriotism, because I knew I should not need any more for some time, and purchased as much loyalty as my means would allow, I paid my passage and went on the above 6th of August at 11 A. M., on board the steamer, which lay at the wharf to take off the passengers to the packet ship New World which was riding at anchor in the stream hard by. At 12 M., the Captain came on board the boat and was soon followed by the letter bags, and we cast off and went alongside the ship. When the steamboat was sufficiently made fast, a plank was laid from the wheel house to the rail of the ship, and we, with all our baggage, were passed on board. The process of weighing anchor differs now from that of former years, all ships now have what is called the patent purchase windlass. The men take hold of handles the same as in working a fire engine, and work with a song. These songs resemble negro melodies, and indeed I believe are all taken from that people, or nearly so. Captain K. says he knows of but one or two exceptions, and they are now obsolete. One of them, which is not now much used, was formerly very popular and known by the name of "Bonny Lady," and of course was of Scotch origin. On this occasion there was no mistaking the origin. The windlass was manned by thirty or forty "Old Salts," the work and song commenced at the same time, led off by a jolly fellow, the boatman, thus:

Solo.—"Sally Brown's a bright mulatto,"
Chorus.—Oho, Sally Brown.
Solo.—Pretty gal, but I can't get at her.
Chorus.—Oho, Sally Brown.

This goes on in words similar, from five to ten minutes, and then another air and words are taken up, one man only in any instance singing the words, and all hands coming in on the chorus, which has truly a fine effect. Their songs are all of one kind as to sentiment, and as perhaps there is no one thing by which the character of a class or community can be so accurately determined as by their ballads, I will give two or three of them, hoping that it may call forth some philanthropic Christian who has poetic power like Watts, or Burns, or Byron, to supply what is so much needed in this most extensive and interesting field of Christian enterprise and duty. For, said the immortal Burke, "Allow me to make the ballads of a country, and I care not who makes its laws." And who that has been taught the juvenile songs of the undying Watts can tell the influence they have exerted in his salvation, or calculate his indebtedness under God to that Saint in Heaven. Again would follow:

Solo.—Oh, Sally is a pretty gal, and everybody knows it well,
Chorus.—Oho, ho, ho, round the corner, Sally.
Solo.—Oh, Sally is a pretty gal, and everybody knows it well,
Chorus.—Oho, ho, ho, round the corner, Sally.
Solo.—Sally, Sally—Oh, my charming Sally dear,
Chorus.—Oho, ho, ho, round the corner, Sally.

Again:

Solo.—Nancy Bennaner courted a barber,
Chorus.—Shaver away, shaver away.
Solo.—She courted a barber for the sake of his razor,
Chorus.—Shaver away boys, shaver away.
Solo.—Whoora for Nancy Bennaner,
Chorus.—Shaver away, shaver away.
Solo.—Whoora for Nancy Bennaner,
Chorus.—Shaver away, shaver away.

It is impossible to give even a faint idea of this kind of music to any one who has not heard it.—Almost always the solos are perfectly soft, and the chorus harsh, but sometimes the chorus alternates from harsh to soft, and soft to harsh. The solo is sung by one voice when all are in a state of rest, or nearly so, and the acme of the chorus comes when the greatest power is applied to the windlass. It is considered that much more can be accomplished by a singing crew than by one that does not sing. A sailor who sings well will command higher wages. A singing crew are more easily governed, they are more pleasant, and never mutiny.

* * * * * * *

On the whole we had a grand voyage, and in one of the finest ships afloat, an excellent captain and pleasant crew. We had but one calm, and that of only a few hours, and one squall when off Holyhead, and that was a most exciting and interesting scene. It alone was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to behold. Thousands and thousands of times when a boy have I longed to witness such a storm, and here on the last day of our voyage I am gratified and under most advantageous circumstances. If the Muse, who delights in the awfully sublime, had wished to give us a terrific scene, without loss of life or property, she could not have selected the time, place and circumstances more favorable for her purpose, than those which happened to us, 1 o'clock, P. M., off Holyhead, enveloped in fog, with a lee shore of two hundred feet perpendicular rock, against which the sea was dashing with tremendous fury, and then placed the ship near enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart. Such was our situation. In less than a minute the wind veered around twelve points of the compass. All the sails were set, and six or eight studding sail. The squall struck us, and the main-yard studding sail boom broke and fell. For a few minutes the scene was appalling, the gallant ship was shaken by the elements like a reed, but the skill of the sailor triumphed, and reminded us that man still retains some traces of that jurisdiction over the great agents and elements of nature which was given him before the fall. Two hours after, when thirty miles out of Liverpool, we took a pilot on board, who brought us papers, and took command of the ship. Food and water were never seized with more avidity, than those papers, for here we had been cut off from the world for eighteen days, while the nations of Europe were turning somersets, and the potatoes rotting in Ireland.

The Channel is narrow and difficult, but we rode through it in gallant style, at the rate of twelve knots an hour. The air had all the chilling coldness of a December storm with us in the United States. At 8, P. M., on the eighteenth day, we came to anchor a mile below the Custom House and the first salutation was the braying of a Donkey. The Custom House officers soon came on board and took charge of all things, and in the morning we were taken by steamer to the Custom House landing, when my baggage was passed in a very pleasant and gentlemanly way and no charge.

It may interest some of my readers to know something of the calculations made on ship board. The method of obtaining the latitude is very simple and easily understood. Just before the time that the navigator supposes it is 12, M., he takes his sextant or quadrant, for our officers used both, and watches carefully the sun as it rises, bringing the sun's lower limb to the horizon. As the sun approaches the meridian it rises very slowly, and when it ceases rising, it is 12, M. He then looks upon the arc of instrument and sees the number of degrees and minutes, which is the altitude of the sun—to this altitude of the sun's lower limb he adds 16 min., being the semi diameter of the sun, which would give the true altitude of the sun's centre were it not for dip, refraction and parallax, which, taken together, usually amount to 4 min., which are to be subtracted, which amount to the same thing as to add 12 min. to the observed altitude, which is usually done. The true altitude subtracted from 90 deg. gives the zenith distance of the sun. If the latitude and declination are of the same name, add together the zenith distance and the declination, if of different names subtract them, the sum or difference will be the latitude, which will be of the same name as the greater number.

Nautical time differs both from civil and astronomic time. Navigators begin their computation at noon, 12 hours before the commencement of the civil day, and 24 hours before the commencement of the astronomic day, marking the hours from to 12, P. M., and A. M., as in civil computation. Navigators have always, until within a few years kept their reckoning by sea time, but the custom is now abolished in the navies of Great Britain and the United States, and is rapidly going out of use among merchantmen.

Now, if I give you the method of regulating your watch, or in other words, of finding the ship's longitude, you will have nearly a full view of the different manoeuvres and calculations made in sailing a ship from New York to Liverpool.

The best method of obtaining the apparent time at sea is by observing the altitude of the sun's lower limb when rising or falling fastest, or when the sun bears nearly E. or W. The reason of this is, that any error which may have crept into the ship's latitude used to calculate the longitude, will not vary the longitude but a trifle compared with an observation of the sun taken when it bears more nearly N. or S., when a small error in the latitude will make a large error in the longitude. To this altitude we must add the semi-diameter and parallax, and subtract the dip, or instead of these corrections add 12, which will answer very well for an observation taken on the deck of a common sized ship, the refraction is also to be taken from this, and it varies with the altitude, the greater the altitude the less the refraction, and vice versa. The ship's latitude must be found at the time of observation, by carrying the reckoning forward to that time. These are the data from which, by a very simple rule, the longitude or time is obtained. Our mean rate of sailing was about 7½ knots an hour. The mean temperature of the air at 9, A. M., was 60 deg. Fahrenheit, and the mean temperature of the water was 59½ deg.

There was no thought that impressed me, on this voyage, so deeply, and remained so constantly, as the striking analogy of a voyage across the ocean to the great voyage of existence; while you are in sight of land it corresponds to the "voyage of life"—there are landmarks which show your movement, and when on the mighty deep you are in the centre of a great circle. There is nothing to denote your movement; the salt brine may foam past you, but at night, and still again in the morning, you find yourself in the centre of the circle. This—this was a most impressive and commanding emblem of Eternity—Eternity without a landmark and without a bound.

Yours, &c., L. G. O.

Selected Articles.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

The subjoined remarks in respect to this noted character, are taken from an article on "Louis Napoleon," by Henry Wikoff, Esq., which appears in the Democratic Review for the present month.

"I am speaking of the far-famed Count Alfred d'Orsay, whose reputation is spread over the fashionable world of Europe and America, but whose real merits soar much beyond the frivolous accomplishments which have given him such wide celebrity. To be celebrated at all, no matter by what means, be they high or low, elevated or vulgar, talent I consider is indispensable; and to obtain the social position held at one epoch by a Beau Brummel, and at a later by a Count d'Orsay, nothing short of mental superiority of a high cast is requisite. This idea is fully supported, at all events, in the present instance, for I have seldom in any rank of life, or amongst the higher grades of employment, encountered intellectual qualities of rarer excellence than those which distinguish a man chiefly known in the light of a vain "carpet-knight." An elegant and fascinating man of the world he undoubtedly is. An adept in dress, easy in manners, accomplished in the conventions of the drawing-room—a science apart, made up of the dictates of good breeding and the requirements of etiquette—fertile in conversation and of brilliant wit, the Count d'Orsay is certainly well qualified to realize our visionary ideas of that paragon whom the poet describes as "the mould of fashion and the glass of form."

These, however, are rather the endowments which would secure him pre-eminence in the country of his birth; for France is, *par excellence,* the land of society, and to succeed there grace of manner and charms of mind are indispensable. But in England the case is very different; and Count d'Orsay, with all his *savoir faire,* would never have reached the position he has held so many years without an equal skill and proficiency in those ruder but still manly accomplishments, which constitute the basis of his English popularity. The best rider, the most daring sportsman, the skilful bettor, the inimitable shot, the unrivalled sparrer, these are the merits towering in English eyes and which have made his name so long in England familiar as a household word. Of later years, abandoning these grosser occupations, he has, with that well-praised effort which never fall short of its mark, and which explains his marvellous success in all he has undertaken, given himself wholly up to art, and his productions in painting and statuary have already thrown the world of taste in commotion, and are building him up a reputation which if less sounding than that he has hitherto enjoyed is infinitely more enviable.

But to me the attractive feature of Count d'Orsay's character has always been what the promiscuous world he lives in knows nothing about, and that is, his cultivated and aspiring intellect, which, in depth and keenness, is adequate to the comprehension of the grandest questions, and capable of estimating them accurately in their nicest details. His knowledge of men and things is extensive and rare, and his criticisms overflow with point and *finesse.* It is little imagined by the giddy crowd around him whose dullness is enlivened by his wit, that the showy man of fashion is a studious thinker and careful writer; and that the moments of leisure, stolen from the gay dissipations of the London world, have been devoted to the record of his impressions on life, numbering some seven volumes of manuscript. Their merit may be inferred from the flowing praise bestowed by Lord Byron on his travelling Journal, written when only twenty years of age. In a word, Count d'Orsay may be esteemed beyond comparison the admirable Crichton of the day, and I have cheerfully allowed myself to run into this digression concerning this remarkable man, as so enviable a chance may never offer to give the result of many years observation of a character variously interpreted, and little understood."

A JUDGE INTRODUCED TO THE ELEPHANT.

The introduction of Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey, to the elephant, is one of the most amusing things we have read lately, although told in the plain style of a court reporter. We copy from the Newark Eagle:

The trial of Doucis, for swindling Judge Hornblower and others out of money, on pretence of getting up a fire engine for the South Ward, was brought to a close yesterday afternoon, when the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

Judge Hornblower, in giving his testimony, remarked in substance, that on or about the 16th of June last, he received a letter which purported to be an extract from the minutes of a meeting said to have been held in this city, for the purpose of forming an independent fire engine company. The writer of the letter pretended to be Chairman of the Committee on names. He stated that the company were desirous of giving his name to their machine, provided his consent could be obtained. The letter stated that the Committee on names were to meet at five o'clock that afternoon, and desired that his answer should be given at that time; and further that his answer should be direct to E. G. Rice. The Judge said he took the matter into consideration, and after some hesitation calculated to allow the use of his name, and was about folding his letter in answer to theirs, when the defendant came in. He asked if the Judge had received that letter, who in turn asked if he meant the letter about the engine? He said yes, and hoped he would consent to the use of his name. The Judge replied that he had just written, consenting to its use, but had reserved to himself, and children after him, the right of withdrawing his name if the company should ever become disorderly. On the 22nd of June this same young man came into the Judge's office. He had a subscription book in his hand, and handed it to him; it was headed with the name of Beach Vanderpool. The defendant stated that there was a handsome machine in New York, that they could obtain for eight hundred dollars, provided the money could be raised within a few days. The Judge said he supposed that they expected something from him for the honor conferred upon him. Defendant replied, just as you please. He thereupon drew his check for twenty dollars, and gave it to the defendant. After the first of July the Judge went to the bank and got his checks, and this check was among them. The Judge said he had expected for some days to be called upon for a donation for this engine.

The Old Times.

WHAT OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS DID.

THE PAXTANG MASSACRE.

However the Quakers of Pennsylvania might have overreached the Indians by giving them trifling equivalents in exchange for their valuable lands, personally they treated them kindly and well, and sought to gain their good will by acts of forbearance and mildness. Their policy had always been to maintain peaceful relations with them, an object in which they had been uncommonly successful, even when surrounding colonies were involved in war. The machinations of the French, however, had induced some tribes to raise the hatchet, and their predatory excursions and ravages were severely felt. The defeat of Braddock, in 1755, was a most disastrous circumstance; and the hostile Indians, emboldened by so great a victory, ravaged the country through a series of years. The Counties of Lancaster, Northampton, and Berks, experienced the cruelties of the scalping-knife. Scarcely a week passed by without some instance of barbarity, and the inhabitants were kept in a constant state of alarm. The Friends, notwithstanding, hoped to perpetuate peace and soften the aborigines by friendly offices; and, in order to succeed in such a humane purpose, many of them united in 1756 in an association styled "The Friendly Association for Regaining and Preserving Peace with the Indians," and raised several thousand pounds to enable them to carry out their benevolent designs. They addressed Governor R. H. Morris, in 1756, beseeching him not to declare war against the Indians until they had first tried to bring about a peace by presents and friendly offices. Failing in this and in their effort to move the General Assembly, they Addressed the Governor of New York, and did all in their power to peacefully avert the dread barbarities of the savage foe. It may be supposed that these designs met with but little sympathy from a large class of inhabitants, who, outraged by continual aggression, believed the only remedy was in the sword. The colony was distracted by fierce discussions on the subject, and the opponents of the Association boldly charged the Friends with treasonable designs. There were some who added to these feelings of provoked hostility, the still stronger prejudices of bigotry and intolerant sectarianism. The looked upon the entire aboriginal race as heathen, whose extirpation was a work almost of divine command.

None were stronger in these feelings than the settlers of Lancaster County, in Donegal and Paxtoe, or Paxtang townships. They were almost all Irish and Scotch, professing stern, uncompromising Presbyterian tenets. A colony of Christian Indians, of the Moravian sect, were settled at Conestoga, and during the entire period, when the ravages were taking place around them, professed themselves friends of the whites, and kept aloof from the warfare. They were, however, objects of great suspicion to their neighbors, who, unreasonably prejudiced, suspected without reasonable cause. Under a pretence that they had countenanced some of the attacks of the hostile Indians, a party of armed men from Donegal and Paxtang townships, on the 14th of December, 1763, attacked the Moravian village at Conestoga, and killed fourteen of the Indians, among them, Shahees, a chief, always distinguished by friendship for the whites, and some women and children. Affrighted at the circumstance, the Indians, instead of resisting, fled to Lancaster for refuge. There they were placed for safety in the work-house.—But the fury of the assailants was not allayed by their first massacre; they assembled in great numbers, and repairing to Lancaster at mid-day, forced open the prison, and butchered in cold blood, the unoffending and miserable wretches they found within its walls. The authorities and citizens of Lancaster did nothing to resist this outrage; they had sufficient means to have prevented it, but instead of interfering, they rather countenanced the revolting massacre. Unarmed and unprotected, the Indians prostrated themselves with their children, before the murderers, protesting their innocence, and their love for the English, and in this posture they all received the hatchet.

The story of this remorseless and bloody tragedy flew through the colony, exciting the utmost horror and alarm. The Moravian Indians at other settlements repaired immediately to Philadelphia for protection. The barracks at Camptown were first assigned as their quarters, by order of the Governor. But the "Highlanders" stationed there refused to receive them, and in the piercing cold of the month of December, they were removed to Province Island, below the city. The insurgents threatened to march down to destroy them, and the Assembly, intending to oppose their barbarous designs, passed an act authorising the incurring of any expenses necessary to prevent them. The Indians, one hundred and forty in number, affrighted at the prospect, petitioned the Legislature to remove them to England.—This being impracticable, they asked to be placed under the protection of Sir William Johnson, of New York. Governor Morris furnished them with a pass for this purpose, and a pass was also furnished through New Jersey, by Governor William Franklin. They went under the escort of a company of seventy Highlanders, and proceeded as far as Amboy. But Governor Colden of New York and his council were unwilling to receive them, and General Gage, commander of the English forces in America, ordered them back to Philadelphia, escorted by two companies of Royal Americans, and they were placed at the barracks.

The news of this return aroused the ire of the "Paxtang Boys," and they determined to march to Philadelphia and slaughter them.

Strange as it may seem, this was all done in the name of Christianity. The leaders and insurgents were all professors, they endeavored to justify their acts by the authority of the Bible; assumed to be instruments of God for the punishment of the heathen, and claimed that the earth was given as an inheritance for the saints.

They numbered some hundreds, and as they approached the city the alarm was very great. Six companies of infantry, one of artillery, under the command of Capt. Loxley, and two of horse, were formed to oppose them. The barracks, in the Northern Liberties, where the Indians were lodged, were fortified; field works were thrown up, and eight pieces of cannon mounted. The Assembly passed a bill extending the provisions of the riot act to the provinces; and all the avenues to the city were guarded. The "Paxtang Boys" marched to the ferries on the Schuylkill, where they found forces prepared to receive them; they then crossed the Schuylkill, farther up, and halted at Germantown. Benjamin Franklin and other citizens, went out to them, and finding the force opposed to them much stronger than they anticipated, they affected to negotiate, and finally agreed to withdraw, leaving only Matthew Smith and James Gibson, two of their leaders, to lay their grievances before the Government.

The latter, in pursuance of their instructions memorialized the Assembly on behalf of themselves and inhabitants of Lancaster, York, Cumberland, Berks, and Northampton counties, in which they endeavored to excuse and justify their enormities. The Assembly, notwithstanding, passed an act directing that those accused of the murder of the Indians should be tried in Philadelphia, or any adjoining county, and refused to countenance the barbarities of the insurgents, although a strong party endeavored to defend their excesses. Their memorial had fifteen hundred signatures, but produced no effect; the county of Berks protested against it by their grand jury; but no further steps were taken. The insurgents were too wealthy and powerful ever to be brought to justice. No one was arrested or tried, and the barbarous murder of the Christian Indians went unavenged, a fact which will ever remain a damning spot upon the colonial history of Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

OUR WESTERN LAKES.

A correspondent of the Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle, writing from the Sault Ste. Marie, makes the following calculations, which may be of interest:

July 5.—I have been making some calculations and comparisons in relation to the extent of these lakes, some of which I will give you and let that topic rest.

Into Lake Ontario you can plunge, (i. e. if you can lift her) the whole of our good old Massachusetts, and still leave bathing room; Lake Erie, when drained, will make three States equal to Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Lake Huron with its bays compares almost exactly in size with Maine; Lake Michigan would contain Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut; while neither of the large States of New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio, is large enough to make a cover to Lake Superior! Or take those countries which have so occupied the thoughts of mankind. The present Kingdom of Greece would be lost in Lake Erie, Italy in Lake Huron, and five-sixths of all England in Superior. Or we may take Scotland to fill up Huron, some of whose Islands are larger than many a German or Italian Principality. And still the thought is constantly recurring these are mere bodies of fresh water, a part of our Northern boundary.

Halving 'Twixt Summer an' Paradise.—It is usual for the Westmoreland farmers to kill each a sheep for their own use at Christmas; so when the butchers inquire if they want any meat against Christmas, a common reply is, "Nay, I think o'killing mysel'!" A butcher called on a farmer of his acquaintance in the usual manner, saying, "Will ye want a bit of meat, or ye'll kill yoursen' this Christmas?" "I kno not," replied the farmer, "whether I'se kill mysel' or tak a side o' my Father!"

Another Curiosity for the Museum.—Out West, there has long been known, on a certain side hill, a large hole, which is not an uncommon thing in that section of the country. The bank is said to have recently caved off and left the hole *sticking out about ten feet!*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 98 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Angel Visits. We are sorry to decline *angel visits*, but in this case, we shall be compelled to do so. The poet does *not* say that angel's visits are "*few and far between*"—this is a common error. If our friend will consult the book, he will find the poet uses a better word. But we do not decline the poem on this account, but because it does not, as a whole, come up to our standard.

Declined. "The Evening Star," and "To A.," are respectfully declined. Not quite up to the height of the Post.

AN APOLOGY.

We owe an apology to our subscribers this week. We have been procuring from Hoe & Co., New York, one of their admirably constructed, double-cylinder presses; and in the change from the old press to the new, with other changes with which it is not needful to trouble our readers, considerable delay has occurred in getting our edition to press. We are afraid also that some of our papers will not be printed as well as they ought to be. Next week, however, we hope to have things in first-rate order. When we get our new press fairly under way, we have reason to believe it will turn out as good work as any in the country.

THINGS ABROAD.

In addition to our regular report of foreign news in another column, we may state that John O'Connell has addressed a long letter to the people of Ireland encouraging them to renew the repeal agitation. This appeal, it is stated, is not likely to be responded to. Considering the probable scarcity of food, and the late unsuccessful attempt at insurrection, we should think poor Ireland had no stomach at present for another agitation.

Mr. O'Gorman and Dr. Reynolds, of Liverpool, are believed to have escaped to America.

The Crown Solicitor, it is said, finds some difficulty in implicating Mr. Meagher in the Ballingarry skirmish—and his only course is to have him tried for "overt acts of treason connected with that affair."

Lord John Russell, having investigated the condition of Ireland, as it appears in the drawing-rooms of the higher circles of Dublin, is fully satisfied that all is comfortable and right, and is about to join his royal mistress in Scotland.

The English Army in Ireland is concentrating in the South, where the trials are to be held. All is still quiet, and it is expected that what starving is to be done, will be done by the peasantry in peace. If things continue in Ireland as they are much longer, the yearly starvation of some thousands will be expected as a matter of course. In view of this fact, one would not think that England was "the bulwark of *Christendom*," as she believes herself to be.

In France all is tolerably quiet. The Assembly is proceeding with its discussion of the Constitution. We see that a petition has been presented to the National Assembly, praying that body to raise funds to enable 20,000 families, now unemployed in Paris, to establish themselves in the colony of Algeria. 20,000 families unemployed! Can our readers imagine what untold misery and suffering that word "unemployed" enfolds in itself as in a germ? No wise man wonders at robbery, licentiousness, or murder, where there are 20,000 families "unemployed." Not only "an idle man's brain," but an idle man's *stomach*, is "the devil's workshop."

A Neapolitan fleet, with a large army on board, left Naples on the 30th ult., to reduce the Sicilians to obedience—the English fleet having instructions to offer no opposition. It was believed the Sicilians would defend themselves to the last extremity. God prosper them in the defence of their newly acquired freedom! If, however, it be given to the tyrant to conquer, we take courage in the thought that it is but for a little while:

> "For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

THE GOLD REGION.

A letter recently published in the Washington Union, from Mr. Larkin, the U. S. Naval Agent at Monterey, addressed to Commodore Jones, confirms the accounts heretofore received of the existence of Gold on the borders of various rivers in California, and the mad excitement that prevails in all that region to share in the spoils. Whalers have ceased their operations, the two newspapers suspended their issues, and Monterey is daily losing numbers of its inhabitants—sailors, printers, travellers, all classes, hurrying to the branches of the American and Feather rivers. Mr. Larkin says that three-fourths of the houses in the town of San Francisco also are closed.

The amount of gold in the gold region, is described in the most extravagant terms. Mr. Larkin says:—

"Many who have seen the 'Placer,' think it will last thirty or forty years. I should think that it would afford work two or three years to many thousands of people, and may for very many years, as I cannot calculate the extent of country having gold.

"I have this week seen in Monterey, a Californian, who shows four hundred dollars of gold from the labor of one week: much of it was the size of wheat. I myself weighed one piece from his bag, and found the weight an even ounce. He, like many others, only went up to the gold regions to see the place, borrowed tools, worked a few days and came home to show his labor, and take up brothers and cousins and provisions. I do not think I am exaggerating in estimating the amount of gold obtained on the rivers I have mentioned at ten thousand dollars a day for the last few days. There is every reason to believe the amount will not this season (unless the washers are driven from their work by sickness) be any less. In this case the addition of workmen now joining the first ones, and the emigrants from the Atlantic States we shall have in October and December, will soon swell the value of California gold that will be washed out to an unheard-of value."

The plan pursued by the gold hunters is mainly this: First, with a pick and shovel, to clear off two feet of the top earth, then put in a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel of dirt, go into running water, with the hand stir up the dirt and throw out the stones, until there is remaining a spoonful of emery or black sand, containing one to five dollars. This can be done once or twice a day.

Of course this rude plan of working will soon give way to more skilful modes—companies of men are already formed, and machines constructed to filter the earth in a more rapid and effective manner.

This gold region is a portion of the government lands. Whatever gold is upon it, therefore, belongs to the Government of the United States, in trust for the whole people. If, therefore, these accounts of an almost inexhaustible quantity of gold being discovered be true—or even if but a moderate quantity be really found,—it becomes the duty of the government to interfere to secure it for the use of the whole nation. The United States have paid many millions of dollars for California, and if the heavy loans effected to raise the necessary amount for the prosecution of the war, and the after bonus to Mexico, can now be paid off in whole or in part, by the discovery of precious metals in any portion of the newly acquired territory, it will be a great blessing to the industry of the country, which will ultimately have to foot the bill. Acres of virgin gold, in this way, might prove an advantage to the whole country, by lightening the necessarily heavy burden of taxation. We trust, therefore, that if there be any truth in these statements of Mr. Larkin and others, the Executive will lose no time in preserving the property of the nation from spoliation.

THE LAST DODGE.

One of the candidates for Governor in Ohio, was recently interrogated by a political opponent, with a view to learn his preferences for the Presidency. The letter addressed to him stated that the people in his vicinity were exceedingly desirous to know *how he should vote* this Fall. The candidate promptly replied, that he expected to vote as usual—*by ballot.*

DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

The editor of the Knickerbocker, on the authority of Gen. Verplanck and others, accuses Mr. Charles Lanman, author of "Summer in the Wilderness," of having made statements in that volume, which are not quite reliable. These gentlemen have recently returned from the North-West, where they went under an appointment from the government, to form a treaty with a remote tribe of Indians.

A correspondent of "The Tribune," who dates at Fond-du-lac, a trading post near Lake Superior, makes a similar charge. He says, among many other things:

"According to the 'Summer in the Wilderness,' the author travelled in his canoe, not only to Sandy Lake, but to Mille Lac, to Leech Lake and Elk Lake, at the sources of the Mississippi. He dates letters there, and has an interesting bear hunt, and other incidents. Mr. Morrison, with whom he travelled, says he was no nearer Mille Lac than a day's travel, and no nearer Elk Lake and Leech Lake than between two and three hundred miles. Lanman says he journeyed in his canoe *around both shores* of Lake Superior, and at Saint Mary's gave away his canoe to some favorite. Morrison says he travelled all the way from Crow-Wing to La Pointe as a free passenger in his (M.'s) canoe, and at La Pointe Lanman took the steamboat direct for Sault Ste. Marie. Lanman says, that while sleeping with Morrison in the tent, a wolf stole away the pork; Morrison says, that some *five years before*, a *dog* stole his pork in that manner, and he mentioned the fact to Lanman. At the Rapids of St. Louis there is in the book a dreadful scene, and a narrow escape from death, in which the author had a part. This, too, is an incident that happened to Morrison some years before, and not to Lanman! By the book the mountains on the north shore of Lake Superior are three thousand feet high; but according to Captain Bayfield's Surveys, they are twelve hundred. I might add in great numbers other instances, equally glaring, of the deliberate and habitual falsity of Lanman's descriptions, to say nothing of the legends and Indian stories."

We are under the impression, from several things that have come to our knowledge, that there are many authors at the present day, who scruple not to put in their books of travels, as *facts*, things which have no other foundation than their own inventive faculties. They seem to think any statement allowable, however false, if it will tend to heighten the interest of their works, and is of a character not to be readily detected as a mere fabrication. Dumas, the celebrated French author, is so given to this practice, that no one of common information in literary matters, pretends to believe what he says, simply because *he* says it. Many of his travels, it is averred, are written without stirring from Paris.

It needs no argument to prove that this practice of falsifying is most reprehensible, and that it should be exposed by the press whenever an author is detected in it. The man who needs to have this proved to him, has departed so often in his own practice from the truth, that he can no longer see its usefulness or beauty. We have given a place to these serious charges against Mr. Lanman, because they are made so positively and circumstantially. We hope, however, for the character of American literature, he will be able to prove their falsity and his own reliability.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

At the recent meeting of the Scientific Convention in this city, a rather extraordinary paper was read from Professor Dickeson and Andrew Brown, of Mississippi, upon the amount of water and sediment in the Mississippi River. We quote the substance of the Report from a contemporary:

The observations upon which the report was based were made through a course of eighteen years, and more particularly during the last two years in anticipation of the present report. The report alluded to the vast quantity of rain water constantly falling in the valley of the Mississippi, and the fact that that great river was the only visible outlet for it. The report showed that the quantity of rain falling was 11½ times the quantity discharged by the river. There are but two ways for it to escape, one by course of the river and the other by evaporation.

Thus the report arrived at a fact of the greatest importance to the planters of Louisiana and Mississippi, for the more exhalations are promoted, the less liable will the lower bottom lands of these States be to periodical inundations. The best way to promote exhalations was by clearing the forest lands, and thus exposing the earth to the action of the sun. *Such has been the progress of population and civilization in that region, that there is not now by twenty or twenty-five per cent. as much water passes down the river as there was twenty-five years ago.* At that time there were annual inundations which do not occur now.

In regard to the sediments of the river, the result of 484 experiments with a tin tube charged with water was given—the aggregate of the water charged in this tube at different times was a column of 1,336 feet, by which there was deposited a column of sediment or solid matter of 46¼ inches. This sediment was submitted in three glass tubes. The committee seemed to think it might still further settle or shrink, certainly to not less than 44 inches. From these data the committee arrive at the conclusion that the proportion of sediment to the volume of water is as 1 to 328.

It has already been ascertained that the quantity of water annually discharged by the Mississippi River is 14,883,360,636,880 cubic feet, therefore there must be deposited 28,188,053,892 1-6 cubic feet of solid matter.

Such are the "*facts*" of the report, and we must confess that they are not only on a very large scale, but also that they seem rather *scaly*, or *fishy*,—which considering that such a vast volume of water is under consideration, is not much to be wondered at.

We will, however, content ourselves at present, with putting one question to the authors of the Report. If the "progress of population and civilization" in the Mississippi valley, has diminished the amount of water in the Mississippi River, "twenty or twenty-five per cent." in twenty five years, how many years will it be before that river is dried up altogether?

We hope the authors of the Report will not keep the public long in suspense, waiting for their answer to this question, as it is evident this is a matter of primary importance, especially to the inhabitants of the Western States. If the Mississippi is diminishing with the "progress of civilization" to the extent of one per cent. of its original volume, annually, common arithmeticians would cipher it out, that in the course of about seventy-five years longer, no such stream will be in existence. A consummation *not* devoutly to be wished.

CAPITAL.

A gentleman employed in the New York Custom House, recently presided at a meeting at which some resolutions were passed, peremptorily insisting that the Collector should remove certain gentlemen reported not to be sound in the faith, from their situations. The same gentleman also, it is understood, was one of a committee to inform the Collector what the meeting considered his duty. Shortly afterwards the busy gentleman in question received the following laconic notice from Collector Lawrence:

New York, 16th Sept., 1848.

Sir:—Your services, under the appointment you have held from me, will not be required after this date. Your friend,

C. W. LAWRENCE, Col.

To Mr. ———, Custom House.

We confess we like this. If there is one thing in politics we dislike more than another, it is removal from office for opinion's sake, so far as the *subordinate* officers of the government are concerned. What does it matter whether a Custom House or Post-Office clerk be a Democrat, Whig, Free Soiler or anything else, so long as he does his duty, and is an honest man? The only questions put in such cases, should be the famous ones of Jefferson's, "Is he honest, is he capable?" The doctrine of "rotation in office," applied to the great body of clerks, &c., employed by government, would prove most fatal one. A Presidential election is exciting enough, without adding to it the additional stimulus of "the spoils." So long as a clerk does his duty, he should be retained; but his salary should not be higher than what is given by employers in general to persons filling situations demanding equal ability. In one word, a government clerk should be paid no better than any other clerk. If this were generally the rule, there would not be half the desire there now is to get employment under the government. And we should hear but little of "party proscription," "the spoils," or "rotation in office"—phrases not very honorable to the character of a republican people.

A NEW STOVE.

A protean stove has been invented by a Down-Easter. It occupies but a small space—is made a wood or coal air tight, or a draught cooking stove, with all the appurtenances. By a slight change it becomes a common cooking range, to burn either wood or coal. Another change, and it becomes a grate, ensconced within the jamb of a fire-place, filled with bright coals, dispensing comfort and cheerfulness to the apartment. Another change, and all the comforts of the agreeable open fire-place are secured, not omitting even the convenient mantel-piece. In short, it assumes as many different appearances as a harlequin, and is very simple, neat and ornamental.

We have tried a good many kinds of stoves, and the result of our experience is this: That the simplest are the best—that stoves which will hold a fair quantity of coal, are just as economical as those which hold only a handful—and that for sitting-rooms, the old fashioned, barrel stoves, with *clay* cylinders, will last longer and give more general satisfaction, than all the air-tights, proteans, and other new-fangled contrivances that ever were invented. Such is the conclusion we have come to.

NUISANCES.

We perceive that the owner of a soap and candle manufactory in the southern part of the city, is being prosecuted for maintaining a nuisance. That is right. As Shakspeare says,

"The offence is rank, it smells to Heaven."

We hope the Court will do its duty, and decide that no man has a right thus to depreciate the value of real estate for squares around him. All such *odorous* trades should be banished by law from towns and cities. By the way, there is another of these nuisances not far from the corner of Callowhill Street and the Ridge Road. Why do not the owners of property get together, and take the necessary measures to have it also removed. It injures the value of property in that vicinity greatly. It is time all such nuisances were boldly taken hold of, and thrust forth

"To waste their sweetness on the country air."

A SWEET POEM.

We call the attention of our readers to the beautiful poem with which we lead off our paper this week, from the pen of the painter-poet, T. B. Read. We think they will unite with us in saying that it contains passages of exceeding merit. The following, for instance, is beautiful:

> Upon the beggar's heart the matin hymn
> Fell faint and dim,
> As when upon some margin of the sea
> The fisher breathes the briny air,
> And hears the far waves symphony,
> But hears it unaware.
> The music from the lofty aisle,
> And all the splendor of the sacred pile,—
> The pictures hung at intervals
> *Like windows, giving from the walls*
> *Clear glimpses of the days agone,*
> From that blessed hour when over Bethlehem shone
> The shepherd's star, until that darker time
> When groaned the earth aloud with agony sublime:—
> All were unheeded
> And came, but as his breath;
> Or if there came a thought that thought unneeded
> Even in its birth met death.

The following also is fine:

> For there was one among that few
> Who but a moment stopped,
> And in the beggar's hands the silver dropt,
> And shed the benediction of her smile.
> Such smile as hers might well renew
> A heart to its lost light, and might beguile
> The shadow of a mourner's hour:—
> Such smiles are like the blessed dew,
> By evening shed upon a wayside flower,
> Sinking to the heart of hearts with a miraculous power.
> The earliest primrose of the spring
> Which at the brookside, suddenly in sight,
> Gleams like a water sprite—
> And the first herald bird on southern wing
> Chanting his wild enthusiastic rhyme
> About the summer time—
> Wake in the soul an instant, deep delight!
> But there are eyes whose first sweet look
> Outshines the primrose by the brook;
> And there are lips whose simplest words
> Outrival even the spring-time birds.

By the way, we would take this opportunity to inform our readers and the public at large, that a new volume of Mr. Read's poetry will shortly be published by G. S. Appleton, Chesnut street, Philada. It will be called "Lays and Ballads." The matter of it will be entirely distinct from that of the volume published some year ago. We recommend it to the patronage of our readers.

ERUPTION IN JAVA.

On the night of the 16th of May last, there was an awful volcanic eruption in the island of Java. A correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

"The first symptoms were a tremulous motion of the earth in the vicinity of the mountain, then several reports like distant cannonading, and then the flames burst forth, followed by streams of burning lava, stones and ashes—a sight once seen never to be forgotten. So sudden was the eruption, that no steps could be taken by the inhabitants of the villages in the neighborhood to escape the impending danger. Shortly after the flame burst forth there came down the sides of the mountain a stream of lava mixed with red hot stones, sand and mud, and carrying every thing it met with in its course to the river. Huge trees, rocks, villages, animals, all were swept before it; and when this mass reached the river, it caused wide-spread ruin.

"A portion of the stream from the crater fell into the river Konto, and the water in the river instantly rose fifteen to twenty feet. Down this river came trees of large size, as also dead buffaloes, both wild and tame, tigers, and the dead bodies of the villagers; before this stream of lava the fish in the river were driven; and boat loads were taken from the surface of the water, not yet dead, but floating upon the surface, evidently endeavoring to get air; thousands were taken by the natives, and probably as many more went out to sea. The water in the river was quite warm for miles around the mountain, and quite black from mud and ashes."

Six villages were washed away by the torrent of burning lava, and a number of lives lost. In many places, so rapidly did the lava advance, that tigers and other wild animals could not escape it. Although a month had elapsed, at the time the account from which we take these particulars was penned, the water of the river Konto was still unfit to drink. The fish in that river are said to have been completely exterminated. Such are the *pleasant* varieties of a tropical climate.

A CASTLE.

Romantic young ladies will be pleased to learn that America is to have a real castle. We are sorry for their sakes that it is not to be built "in a deep forest," according to the most approved novel style; but we are pleased to inform them that it will be the next thing to it, as it will be built *by* a forrest. The truth is that Mr. Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian, being about to build himself a house, finds it impossible, after having so long acted a heroic part on the stage, to live contentedly in a common country residence; and has therefore resolved to build himself a *castle*, "about two miles south of Yonkers, N. Y., combining the Gothic and Norman styles of architecture." The building is to have six octagonal towers, one of which we would suggest should be after the pattern of that to whose top the sister of Blue-beard's wife ascended, to beckon on her avenging brothers. The others, it is stated, will be called the "literary tower," the "drawing-room tower," the "dining-room tower," &c. Thus beautifully blending the romantic with the useful. The account before us says that "loopholes and buttresses will not be wanting, to give the building the appearance of a regularly fortified castle." On the whole we think we may congratulate the country in general, upon the prospect of our possessing, before long, a real aristocratic edifice, "all of the olden time." And as a castle would lose half its romance if inhabited by a mere *Mister*, we would respectfully suggest that Mr. Forrest be henceforth honored with the title of My Lord, or as the English more reverently pronounce it, My *Lud* Forrest.

THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.

The Duke of Buckingham lately sold off—or is perhaps only about to sell off—a large portion of his hereditary property to pay his debts. The London Times is quite indignant at the noble Duke's course and conduct. It says,

The public opinion of this country respects the House of Lords, but not a *degenerate aristocracy*. It is apt to canvass and to censure noble names, because it measures their ill deeds with their great responsibility. The Duke of Buckingham has *filled all minds with the painful presage of a senior ruin.* Such events *speak* in these days.

A New York contemporary mentions some other cases which seem to denote that *degeneracy* is spreading among the aristocracy of the British Isles. It says that, during the past year, "Lord something Paget has been advertised for procuring money under false pretences, Lord Arbuthnot has been indicted for forgery, another Lord arrested for stealing a pair of slippers from a shoe store, and another noble Lord convicted of an infamous crime, which we cannot soil our paper by naming."

We are sorry that men should be bad; but we are not sorry that the order of nature is such that evil fruit must inevitably grow upon an evil tree.

PAPER HANGINGS.

It is probably not known to people generally, that Philadelphia takes the lead of the Union in the manufacture of paper hangings. The first establishment of this kind in the United States, was started in this city in 1790; and from that day to this the paper hangings of Philadelphia have been unrivalled by any of American manufacture. In fact, our paper hangings now so closely approach those of Paris, that the uninitiated cannot discern the difference. During this progress of the arts, prices have also progressed *backwards*, until they are now less than one third what they were fifteen years ago, and even the commoner classes of houses are not considered furnished without paper. And speaking of this subject, reminds us that our good friends, Hart, Montgomery & Co., whose advertisement our readers will see in its appropriate place, are just the men to show any one who may have the curiosity to call upon them, the perfection to which this branch of our manufactures has attained.

CAMELS.

A Louisville writer recommends the importation of camels to carry the mail from the Mississippi to the Pacific. He says that with the aid of this animal, the United States mail might be carried from St. Louis, Missouri, to Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, in twenty days; or in a shorter time from the mouth of the Arkansas river to the harbor of San Francisco, in California.—Good authority says that the camel can carry 1,000 pounds weight 100 miles per day, for eight or ten days in succession, and subsist on a very scant supply of the coarsest herbage, only requiring water once in two or three days.

We think this is a pretty good idea—but it savors too much of the ancient dispensation to suit our fancy. We prefer the project of a railroad better—it seems to accord more with the spirit of the age.

THE MYSTERIOUS COIN.

The mysterious coin lately turned up with the remains of a crocodile (alligator?) and supposed to be of very ancient and Roman origin, turns out to be a Dutch piece—the inscription on it being deciphered, by supplying some missing letters from more perfect specimens, as follows: Mo. Arg. Pro. Con. Belg., that is, *Moneta, Argentea, Provincia, Confederationis, Belgica*;—"Silver Money of the Confederation of Belgic Provinces."

POTATOES.

From what we can learn, the potato crop will not be as seriously injured by the rot as was apprehended. In St. John, New Brunswick, the blackening of the stock, and other signs of the potato blight, are being superseded by a freshness and healthy appearance which give unmistakeable proofs of soundness. An abundant crop is likewise anticipated. In various other places, also, the disease seems to have been arrested after making considerable progress.

THE POPE.

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas, in an account of a recent interview with the Pope, says that the Pope stated, in answer to an expression of the universal sympathy felt in the United States with his reforms, "that he was not unmindful of the state of things in America, that the universal approval of his course by *a great and free people*, like the Americans, seemed to speak to him *like a voice divine*, and had thus, more than almost any thing else, encouraged his heart and strengthened his hands in his arduous undertaking."

The following description of the personal appearance and manners of a man who has given such an impetus to the cause of Italian liberty, will be interesting to our readers:

Pius IX. is of low stature, not being above five feet and four or five inches. He is rather stout, although not corpulent. His age is 56 or 58. From his appearance, one would judge that he has a good, even a robust constitution. The expression of his face is benignity itself; it is kindness and urbanity written in characters not to be misunderstood, so that all who come into his presence experience a freedom from restraint wholly unlooked for, which places them quite at their ease, and makes them forget that they stand before one of the great of the earth. In his presence one feels only that he is communing with a noble and good man. All other distinctions for the time are lost. Royalty is forgotten. Crowns, sceptres, mitres, and princely robes are no longer thought of. All these extraneous objects sink into insignificance when compared with the true grandeur of an honest man. My impression of Pius IX. is, that he possesses talents of a high, not the highest order, and that he is a man of truly honest intentions and purposes, who really desires, like a true patriot, the highest welfare of his people, and who is willing to make every personal sacrifice to promote the real amelioration of the subjects of the Papal States, and the votaries of the Papal Church.

The Pope was robed in a white flannel dress or gown, which fell without a girdle from his shoulders to the floor. His tonsure was covered as usual by a small white cap. He was without gloves, holding his snuff box in one hand—of the frequent use of which his nose gave ample evidence.

The following sounds rather *curious* to the Protestant reader:

On visiting the Pope it is generally customary, especially by "the faithful," to carry a quantity of the emblems of the Catholic religion to be blessed. In our case, not being of the "true faith," we took but few articles of our own, although we were loaded down with chaplets, crosses, medals, &c., belonging to others. In the ante-room these were arranged in separate parcels, on a silver salver, and thus borne by a servant to his Holiness, who blessed each lot successively.

BREADSTUFFS.

Private letters received by the merchants of New York, do not agree with the reports in the English papers, as to a decline in flour and grain. They say that, instead of a decline, there had been an advance of 3s. on corn, and 4s. on Wheat, on Friday, the day previous to the sailing of the steamer. The advance was consequent upon the demand for Ireland and the unfavorable reports in regard to potatoes. After the letters were distributed at New York on Monday, the Breadstuff Market, which had been depressed, revived, and Corn advanced four cents per bushel, and Flour continued firm at Saturday's prices. The appearance of things abroad seems rather to favor the presumption that there will be a moderate demand for breadstuffs from this country, at reasonable prices. The N. Y. correspondent of the North American, however, under date of the 26th, says:

The market has been rather active to-day for Flour, but the quotations show no improvement. Prices are on the contrary 6d. lower than yesterday. The sales are 12,000 to 14,000 bbls. of which about 10,000 were for export at $5,56a5,62½. The range of sales has been from $5,50 for mixed Michigan and Ohio, to $5,62½ for pure Genesee. Sales 500 bbls. fine Flour at $5,25. There is some enquiry for future delivery, but I hear of no transactions.

The market for Southern sympathizes with Western, and is a little easier. Sales 1,500 or 1,500 bbls Brandywine and Georgetown at $5,62a5,75.

Meal is quiet with small sales Jersey at $3,25.

Rye Flour is $3.87½, but the demand is moderate.

For Wheat there is more shipping inquiry, and about 10,000 bushels Genesee sold at 128 cts. which is lower. Corn is firm and round yellow especially. The sales to-day are about 40,000 bushels at 67a68 for high mixed; 67a70 for flat yellow and 74a75 for round yellow. Rye is 69 cts. with sales 6,000 or 7,000 bushels. Oats are a little better with sales 6,000 or 8,000 bushels at 34a38c. Sales 50 bags black-eyed Peas at $1,25.

PUFFING.

Some of the tallest puffing—not to call it by the truer epithet of lying—is to be found now-a-days, is to be seen in the prospectuses of some of our newspaper contemporaries. We observe that the publisher of a sheet of medium size, makes no scruple to denominate his paper the *largest* in the country. Others give notoriously false accounts of the number of their subscribers—sometimes leaving a loop-hole to creep out of, but oftener going the "whole hog," the downright lie. One paper now before us, says that within the last seven years, it has been patronized by at least *ten million* subscribers!! The publisher also describes it as the *cheapest, largest* and *best* of the Philadelphia weeklies—when it is by no means the cheapest, not even as *large* as the Post *used to be*, before our enlargement, and one of the dingiest, dirtiest, poorest-edited sheets in the city. But we will not pursue the subject further. Our only object is to warn the public from being deceived by men, who seem not to shrink from the most glaring falsehoods. A publisher may deceive himself as to the ability with which his paper is conducted, but as to matters of *size* and *price*, there can be no difference of opinion. If he misstates these, it is because he thinks that *Dishonesty* is the best policy.

EXECUTIVE IMPARTIALITY.

Two midshipmen, at the Naval School at Annapolis, have been dismissed from the service by the President, for being lately engaged in a duel.

This is truly laughable. Duel after duel took place in Mexico, between officers of comparatively high rank. In one case both principals were killed, under circumstances which caused a thrill of disgust and horror in the breast of every truly honorable man, and yet the Executive had no word or action of rebuke for the seconds and abettors of this and other duels. But no sooner do two young midshipmen presume to follow the example of their seniors, than the President, the Commander of the Army and Navy, is down upon them with the severest punishment he can inflict—dismissal from the service. This is straining at a gnat, after swallowing a camel, truly.

We are told by the poet, that

"Death loves a shining mark!"

All we have to say is, then, that death is very unlike the President. He seems to love a very little mark, like some schoolmasters, who take satisfaction out of the little boys, for all the sins committed by the big ones.

A JOKE, NOT ALL A JOKE.

The editor of the "City Item," tells the following story—it is so good, that we hope it is not a story in two senses. Certainly it is good enough to be true.

A few nights back a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself he would do it in a collected and business-like manner.

"For instance," he continued, addressing himself to a lady present, "I would say 'Miss S——, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in the receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business which is daily on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed I love you, and would gladly make you my wife.'"

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S——, to the surprise of all present; "I refer you to my father!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen.

"Well, I declare," said the ladies in chorus.

The lady and gentleman, good reader, are to be married in October.

AGNES; OR, THE POSSESSED.

Our readers will remember a tale with this title, written by Mr. T. S. Arthur, which was published in the Post in the early part of 1847. It made a great sensation, both from its intrinsic merit, and the view which it took of the subject of Animal Magnetism or Mesmerism. In order to satisfy public curiosity, Mr. T. B. Peterson, of this city, has published "Agnes" in book form. For the price of the book, we refer to Mr. P.'s advertisement.

GOOD.

Grace Greenwood's letter in another column. What she says about men of genius, is our opinion exactly. And the way she says it, is worthy of what is said. It is a pity that Burns did not make a single alteration in his famous lines, quoted by Grace, before he gave them to the world. He should have said,

"But yet the light that led astray,
Seemed light from Heaven."

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE.

We call the attention of our readers to the Prospectus of this magazine in our advertising columns. Mr. Sartain's name they will recognize as that of one of the best engravers in the country. The magazine is to be removed, at the expiration of the present year, to this city. Its management, we have reason to believe, will be such as to enable it to take its stand among the chief of its brethren.

MUMMIES.

The Texas Star states that a "million of mummies have been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico." We could have stood the discovery of a hundred, or even perhaps a thousand mummies, but a "*million*" is rather more than our credulity can swallow. The "Star" will have to try it again. It cannot "*shine*" this time.

Information Wanted.—A soldier of the mounted rifles, named Daniel Bonacum, disappeared from Jefferson Barracks on the 7th of August. It is not known whether he deserted or has been murdered. If he is still living, he will relieve his father, who resides in St. Louis, of suspense, by writing to him. Any information sent to R. S. Elliott, of St. Louis, will be thankfully received.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 19th, 1848.

Gentlemen—The heavenly weather which we are having about this time effects most unfavorably my literary life, indisposing me for the necessary confinement and application. A soft languor, a most pleasant indolence pervades all nature—Earth seems reposing after the labors of the summer, with the golden sunshine asleep upon her breast. The Sun himself no longer exerting himself to shine, his most passionate days gone by, seems treating himself to a season of *dolce far niente*, and *otium cum dignitate*. Thus if the sunlight is becoming subdued, why should my poetical enthusiasm be expected to be perpetually on the glow—when the farmer has laid by the sickle, why should my nerveless hand still grasp the pen—if nature is indulging in a do-nothing mood—why should I not fold my hands, in a delicious fit of laziness, although as the old epitaph hath it—

"Natively quick and spry,
As most young people be."

I sometimes think that I would incontinently cut pen, ink and paper, turn a deaf ear to the seductive voices of the Nine—show my face no more in weeklies, monthlies and annuals—in short, "slope into retiracy," would the dear public loose its affectionate, depending hold upon me—were it not for posterity and pin-money. Smile not, gentle sirs, at my claims to philanthropy—say not even in the sleeve of your discernment, that it is a philanthropy of the Pecksniffian order. There is a "powerful sight" of sentiment which passes current among moralists and reformers, and is the entire capital of benevolent associations, which has quite as little of the real ore about it.

I have lately been very much interested and delighted by reading a work of Mrs. Jamieson's—"Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets."—It is something to see that however poets may have *married*, their loves were seldom mistaken or unworthy—they gave the deepest feelings of their hearts—the richest homage of their genius to women of truly exalted and beautiful characters. What glorious creatures were Tasso's Leonora, Spenser's Elizabeth, Lord Lyttelton's Lucy, and Klopstock's Meta! Ah, worthy, most worthy to wear forever the gentle glory with which love and genius have crowned them!

Since reading this work I have thought much upon that greatest mystery of literary biography, the History of the loves of Dean Swift, and of his incomprehensible, almost demoniacal power over those two gifted, noble and long-suffering women, Stella and Vanessa. There is certainly a mystery which I could never fathom in the influence which that old, ugly, coarse, passionate satirist, acquired and ever retained over those two young, beautiful, elegant and sensitive creatures.

What charm could there have been in his virulent satire,—in his bitterness, selfishness and severity—in all the assassin-like powers of his desecrated genius, over their genial, gentle and generous spirits!

If genius-worship was the secret of this life-long infatuation, this terrible "martyrdom of the heart"—let us thank Heaven that the day of *such* homage to intellect is past! Genius by itself is indeed a poor object for adoration—cold, proud, selfish and defiant. A great character, a pure life, an honorable mind, a warm, faithful heart—how infinitely higher, grander, and more beautiful are these, how immeasurably more worthy the willing homage of the soul, the enduring devotion of the affections.

Surely much of the court and servile deference paid of old to poetical genius was degrading to manhood and womanhood—and I rejoice to know that the spirit of republicanism is entering into all these things. If to genius belongs what it lays claim to, a spiritual royalty, the cry of late has been—down with its "divine rights!" Men who find themselves gifted with a little more of the immortal fire than their fellows, shall no longer presume to live above and beyond the common rules and obligations of morality—no longer be permitted to "scatter fire brands and death" abroad through society. It is a mistake to suppose that noble impulses and high aspirations *always* accompany genius, and that a portion of Heaven pervades even its errors and degradations. In my opinion, Burns, in his most lawless moods, never penned a worse verse, one calculated to have a more pernicious influence, than that ingenious defence of himself, which he puts into the mouth of his muse "Coila," in his "*Dream*"—

> "I saw thy pulses maddening play
> Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
> Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
> By passion driven—
> *But yet the light that led astray*
> *Was light from Heaven.*"

Only look at the miserable poetical twaddle, and the cool *impudence* of this defence! He "knew his duty and he did it not"—but instead of bravely taking the blame and the shame on himself, he would ungratefully throw it back upon that Power who gifted him with all that redeemed his nature from sensuality and his name from forgetfulness. I like to see an independence even in crime,—a kind of defiant manliness—a sort of Satanic bravery; and for not all the eere of Burns have I felt the contempt which this one poor subterfuge has excited. It showed that even his originally fine nature occasionally "pointed to the *sneaking* quarter of the moral compass."

Thank Heaven that poets are no longer moral Robin Hoods, given up to a life of lawless indulgence, joyous, reckless and irresponsible;—they now recognize a more unselfish, a diviner mission for Genius, and know that honor, truth of heart and purity of life are the grandest elements of greatness. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. XVIII.

New York, September 25, 1848.

Gentlemen—On one of these cool, dull mornings, when the skies are sullen, and what little green one can see about the streets is dead and sombre in its hue, one's spiritual part is apt to turn, snail-like, into its clayey shell, and contemplate—the individual and indestructible self which governs the temporary machine. If we may believe phrenologists, the chambers in one's attic are labelled with various inscriptions, according to the different passions and perceptions who reside therein—just as an inn where I lodged, in Rome, had painted over the chamber doors; "To Jupiter," "To Paradise," "To Mars," and "To St. Peter." This morning, as I (the metaphysical *ego*, that is,) was walking through my small establishment, (and small as it is, I find it very difficult to manage,)—mounting into the tower of Hope, open to the sky, and alas! also to the rain—groping through the ghostly vault of Marvellousness—strolling through Self-esteem, and kicking down the door of Combativeness—I came at last to the judgment-hall of Conscientiousness, where, among an immense pile of unperformed duties, I saw that of writing a letter to yourselves. Resolved to lighten the pressing load, I sat down to atone for former delinquency.

During the last week I witnessed a novel exhibition—the performance of Milton's Masque of Comus, which was brought out, for the first time in America, at Burton's Theatre. On seeing it announced, I at once decided not to go, believing that from my deep and reverent admiration of that immortal work, I should endure rather than enjoy. But the representations of an intelligent friend made me break this resolution, and I went. The attendant Spirit came down in a cloud like any stage fairy, and made a fair recitation. The scene was an ancient forest, very beautifully painted. As the Spirit moved off, a distant sound of revelry was heard; then shouts and riotous laughter, mixed with the shriek of pipes and clash of cymbals, and finally the whole troop of bacchanals burst in through the trees, leaping and dancing in the maddest mirth, with satyrs and nymphs, vines, goblets and the ready music of Pan. A passage from Keats describes the scene so exactly, that I copy it here:

> ——"over the light blue hills
> There came a noise of revellers: the rills
> Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
> 'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
> The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
> From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
> 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
> *Like to a moving vintage down they came,*
> *Crowned with green leaves, and faces all on flame;*
> All madly dancing through the pleasant valley!"

It was a true embodiment of the Grecian fable, and you can scarcely fancy what a rare delight it was to see it. The scene where the Brothers are tempted by the riotous crew, and that where the Lady is seated in the enchanted chair, were alike admirable, though I cannot say much for the recitation of these characters. The Lady omitted singing the exquisite: "Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen," and her hallow through the woods was so *very* common-place, that I laughed outright, when Comus exclaimed:

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould,
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment!"

We have had a company of Moravian singers here for two or three weeks, all of whom possessed some peculiar gift, though none appeared to be highly cultivated artists. The performances of Herr Stepel on the xylochordeon, were something truly remarkable. This is an instrument of the simplest construction, being made entirely of wood and straw. It is merely a large, shallow box, or sounding-board, on which small bundles of wheat straw are laid; a string of wooden blocks, three or four inches in length, and connected by common tape cords is laid upon these. The performer strikes these with hammers, and brings out clear and ringing musical tones. The sound is hard and lacks the swelling fullness and expression of other instruments, but it is rounded, pure and distinct as a drop of water. In the *tremolos* and light staccato passages, the effect was delicious; it came to my ear like the voice of hooded Dryads, who stand with their mossy feet in a talking stream. The poetry of the instrument humored my fancy; for it seemed as truly ideal to find music in the hard wood, as Apollos in the shapeless quarry. In a moral sense, too, (since one is expected to balast every imaginative flight with a sermon,) it may typify the gentle sense of Beauty which lies deep within the coldest and most unimpassioned natures.

In literature, there is quite a stir at present. The printers and publishers have their hands full of forthcoming works, which will be launched upon us in the holiday season, when those buy books who never bought before, and those who have bought, only buy the more. I hear some rumors of a full-grown satire, which is said to be admirably done, and will make a sensation. Mrs. Oakes Smith has a work in press, whose originality and power are highly commended by those who have seen it. Mrs. Embury has taken up the peasant-legends of Brittany,—quite a new field, from which she will bring in a rich harvest. Mr. H. H. Clements, well known as a contributor to the American Review and Southern Literary Messenger, has written an American novel, which will shortly appear. Other volumes of prose, poetry, and both combined, and some, perhaps, neither the one nor the other, are under way, but not sufficiently advanced to say much about them. To my certain knowledge, a popular publishing house here was offered the manuscripts of *thirteen* works on one morning last week! The cry is "still they come."

Speaking of literature, a most intense specimen of political belles lettres came under my eye today, in a Western paper. Concerning a candidate of the opposition, the editor says:

"He possesses less brains than would fill the *knee-pan* of a *famished gnat*;—his *Soul*, if any he has, is so *small*, that *countless myriads* of such might be poised at the same time upon the *point* of a *cambric needle*, and his *heart* is blacker than the darkest midnight steeped down until it could be contained in the *skull* of a *dwarf flea*." Neither thought, language nor invective can go beyond that.

I shall have much to say of our glorious prospect of music for the coming winter, in my next. After going so low as the contemplation of the foregoing extract, it would be difficult to rise to the requisite temperament just now, and one should never write of music but when his pulses are warm with the recollection of it. *Au revoir.*

J. B. T.

Political Intelligence

ANOTHER LETTER.

We thought we had closed the series of General Taylor's letters last week, but we forgot that to the "Independent Taylor Party" of Maryland, which was not published, by request of the General, at the time it was received. His consent to its publication has recently been obtained, and here it is:

Baton Rouge, La., June 29th, 1848.

Gentlemen—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite communication of the 12th inst., calling my attention to certain statements relative to my position before the country, as a candidate for the Presidency, which are represented to have been made in the Whig National Convention held in Philadelphia, pending the action of that body, by Judge Saunders, of Louisiana, in the name of the delegation from that State, and requesting to be informed whether such statements were made by my authority.

I inform you in reply, that on their way to that Convention, Judges Winchester and Saunders, of the Louisiana Delegation, who have been for many years my personal friends and neighbors, wrote requesting my views before the meeting of the Convention, as to the course I desired my friends to pursue in that body. In two communications addressed to them in reply, I informed them in substance, that at my distance from the scene, it would be impossible for me to give any special instructions upon the subject; that many questions or contingencies might arise during the action of the Convention, the character of which I could not foretell, and that they must therefore assume the responsibility of acting for me; that I felt my honor and interest safe in their hands; that whatever they should see fit to do, I would most cordially approve.

I substantially informed them further, that unless they should discover an evident disposition to treat me unfairly, which I had no reason for supposing would be the case, I thought my friends should go into the Convention as they had been selected by their fellow citizens for this purpose, but having once entered it, they were of course bound, if I were not nominated, to sustain and support the nominee, whoever he might be, and I hoped they would do so heart and soul; that I was a candidate for the Presidency only so far as my friends had chosen to make me one; but having been placed in my present attitude towards that subject, without any agency or act of my own, directly or indirectly, I did not feel myself at liberty by any such act, to withdraw myself; that my friends, in whose hands I had ever been, could do so whenever they should see fit, and, finally, if they could succeed in electing to that office any one better qualified for its duties than I was, and who at the same time was honest, truthful and patriotic, it was their duty to go for him, and so far from being disappointed or mortified, I should hail the result with joy.

Under the general authority thus given these gentlemen, I shall deem whatever statements they may have made to be right and proper, and confident of their integrity and in the sincerity of their friendship, I shall sustain them without qualification. I therefore take upon myself and assume the responsibility of the acts of the Louisiana Delegation in that Convention. I am prepared to stand by the consequences in their length and breadth.

I regret exceedingly that my friends in Baltimore, whom you represent, should have misunderstood the course pursued by the Louisiana Delegation in that Convention, and should have imagined I had abandoned the position I have uniformly held in my published letters on this subject. I feel bound to respect the opinions of those who honestly differ with me, and while I feel conscious of no change of feeling or inconsistency on my part, I cannot expect or desire that any of my friends whom you represent should do violence to their own sense of right and wrong, by supporting my election while they believed I had changed my political views.

I ask no man, be he Whig, Democrat, or Native, for his vote. I take every American citizen's interest in the welfare of the country, to be as pure and as deep as my own, and I have therefore no right, and certainly no desire, to influence his action in the exercise of the important duty of voting for officers of his government.

With respect, Z. TAYLOR.

To Gentlemen Chas. H. Pitts, Jno. W. Walker, Thos. M. Alexander, and others.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The next State Elections which occur, are those of Florida and Georgia, on Monday, the 2nd of October. Then follow Maryland, on the 4th of October; South Carolina, October 9th; and Ohio and Pennsylvania on the 10th of the same month. The other States vote in November.

During a street fight in Vicksburg, on the 15th inst., John Jenkins, Esq., editor of the Vicksburg Sentinel, was killed. A political dispute was the immediate cause of the affray.

The National Intelligencer contains letters from the Hon. John McPherson Berrien, of Georgia, and Hon. Willie P. Mangum, of North Carolina, written with a view to contradict a report that they intend to support Gen. Cass in the pending Presidential Canvass. They declare their firm adherence to Taylor and Fillmore.

Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., has been nominated as the Whig candidate for Congress from the Second District. The Convention had twenty-four balletings before the nomination was effected.

Benj. Martin, of Southwark, Philadelphia county, upon whose motion the word "white" was inserted in the revised Constitution of Pennsylvania, excluding colored persons from voting, has joined the Free Soil Party.

Henry Clay's letters have completely used up the Clay movement.

HENRY CLAY.

Henry Clay has authorized the publication of a paragraph, in which he says, that while he feels deeply and gratefully affected by the desire to which many of his friends cling, of electing him to the Presidency, he cannot accept a nomination for that office, if it be tendered to him, feeling bound by the decision of the Philadelphia Convention. He does not wish, and cannot consent, that any further use be made of his name in connection with the office.

Maine.—The Augusta Age contains returns for Governor from four hundred and sixteen towns and plantations, with the following results compared with 1847:

1848.		1847.	
Dana, Dem.,	39 175	Dana,	34,756 D. g 4,429
Hamlin, Whig,	25 933	Bronson,	23,038 W. g 2,895
Fessenden, Soil,	11,064	Fessen'n,	7,309 Soil g 4,445

Dana's present plurality over the Whig candidate is 9 242 votes. The majority against him of the united vote of Whig and Free Soil is 2,723.

Eleven towns and seventeen plantations to be heard from, which last year gave Dana 693 votes, Hamlin 278, others 109. The Senate, when the vacancies are filled, will comprise 3 Whigs and 28 Democrats. To the House are thus far elected 84 Democrats, 51 Whigs, 13 Free Soilers and 1 Taylor Democrat.

A Maiden Vote.—George Washington Park Custis, the venerable step son of General Washington, delivered an address near Mount Vernon, recently, during which he took occasion to state that although possessing the necessary freehold qualifications to entitle him to vote in several counties, had his residence not been in the District of Columbia, yet that, owing to an injudicious and unjust law, he had had no privilege of giving a vote; "and now," said he, "that that inestimable privilege, the right of *suffrage*, has come within my reach, and I am about to avail myself of it, you will see *an old grandfather cast his maiden vote!*"

Wealth of the Presidential Candidates.—Somebody who takes an interest in the Presidential candidates, gives the subjoined estimates of the estates owned by them.

Taylor, $60,000 or $80,000; Cass, $1,000,000; Van Buren, $200,000; Fillmore, $45,000; Butler, $20,000; and C. F. Adams, $500,000, besides a fortune of not less than $1,500,000, of which his wife will, in the ordinary course of nature, soon come in possession. Mr. Adams inherited all, or nearly all of his property, and Mr. Cass acquired his by his own exertions, as has also General Taylor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ONE WEEK LATER.

French and English Mediation Accepted—Decline in Breadstuffs—Ireland Tranquil.

The Acadia arrived at Boston on the 24th inst.

The United States had put back on account of an accident.

Breadstuffs have declined to nearly the extent of recent advances. Cotton is steady, and manufacturing looking up.

Ireland continued in a state of tranquillity.

The Queen, on the 5th inst., prorogued the two Houses in person, by a speech from the throne, recapitulating the chief events of the session, and immediately afterwards took her departure for Scotland.

The visit of Lord John Russell to Earl Clarendon seems to furnish almost the only theme for speculation amongst the Irish politicians. The Premier landed at Kingston on the afternoon of the 1st inst., and was received with a certain degree of respect. Demonstrations of applause and disapprobation seem both to have failed.

FRANCE.

Lamartine has published a defence of himself against the charges brought forward. Gen. Cavaignac has been compelled to deny the intention of suppressing the Paris Constitutionnel. The Journal and La Presse have resumed their fierce attacks upon the Government. The latter wages war against the Republic in spite of Gen. Cavaignac's declaration that he would not allow the Republic to be impeached.

The Bonapartists are moving, both in Paris and the departments, with the view of electing Louis Bonaparte to the Presidency of the Republic.

The local disturbances continue in the Provinces. They arise principally from an extraordinary tax of 45 centimes, imposed upon the people by the Provisional Government.

The latest advices from Paris, received by the London papers, announce the important intelligence that the French Government, on the 7th inst., received despatches from M. Arago, the French Minister at Berlin, announcing officially that Austria has accepted the mediation of France and England for the settlement of the Italian question.

A serious quarrel had occurred between Generals Changarnier and Cavaignac, growing out of the defection of the National Guards, a small portion of each division only having appeared at the review on Sunday. A sharp correspondence between them had taken place.

The approaching elections to fill the vacant seats in the Assembly, begin to occupy public attention.

Emile de Girardin, the Orleanist editor of the *Presse*, is a candidate with M. Delessert and Marshal Bugeaud. The latter, it is said, has refused the command of the army. If an armed intervention should take place in Italy, indeed, he would not accept any command offered by General Cavaignac.

On the 3rd inst., the garrison of Paris and a portion of the National Guard were reviewed on the Boulevards, by Gen. Cavaignac, who was loudly cheered; between 70,000 and 80,000 were under arms, of whom about 20,000 belonged to the National Guards, only one battalion being called out from each legion.

Although the National Guard was invited to attend the review, in great force, it was found that not more than 300 men mustered from each battalion, and in one battalion the number was under 250. This rebuke, proceeding from such a body, has been keenly felt, and has given serious uneasiness to the head of the Government.

It is generally understood that several causes of dissatisfaction have led to this species of negative demonstration.

The first and principal is the offensive expression used by Gen. Cavaignac against the legitimist party, and particularly against some legions of the National Guard, which, he affirmed, were conspiring against the Government.

The second cause was that the Government abstained from contradicting a report that was generally circulated of the arrest of two high military functionaries, understood to be Gen. Lamoriciere, Minister of War, and Gen. Changarnier, Commander of the National Guard.

The third cause assigned was the dissatisfaction produced by the distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honor amongst the legions of the National Guard.

The Paris papers of the 7th inst. state that, notwithstanding the appointment of Gen. Lamoriciere to the command of the Army of the Alps, there appears every probability that peace will be preserved.

It appears that Gen. Lamoriciere and M. Marie have been endeavoring, by a transaction with Odillon Barrot, Berryer, and others, to form a fusion of all parties, in which they have not succeeded.

It is said that the Sardinian Ambassador has offered the command of the Piedmontese army to Gen. Bedeau, who has taken time to consider the proposition. Should he refuse, application will be made to Gen. Duvivier.

The Moniteur states that the Ottoman Government had recognized the French Republic, and that General Aupick, the French Minister Plenipotentiary, presented his credentials to the Sultan on the 26th ult.

M. Ledru Rollin is about to establish a new journal, being dissatisfied with the Reform, which, in conjunction with M. Flocon, he founded in 1843. The editor in chief of the Reform, the friend of the late Godfrey Cavaignac, maintains a closer intimacy with the head of the Government, and is more influenced by him than M. Ledru Rollin approves of.

ITALY.

Four thousand French troops are reported to have arrived at Venice.

The accounts from Italy and Rome state that the whole country is in a disturbed and excited state. Tumults had occurred at Genoa, Leghorn, and Rome, which were suppressed with the greatest difficulty.

A letter from Turin, under date of the 2nd inst., states that the Austrians having levied a contribution of four hundred thousand florins (£32,000) on the city of Parma, payable in twenty four hours, and the sum not being forthcoming at the designated time, the army, according to custom, commenced pillaging the city.

The inhabitants, however, encouraged by the patriotic defence of the town of Bologna, rang the tocsin, and flying to arms, a fearful battle commenced. Even the women and children took part in the defence of the city, throwing furniture and other missiles from the windows upon the heads of the Austrian troops. The population of the surrounding country were hurrying in to the assistance of the citizens. The result of the struggle has not been ascertained.

GERMANY.

The blockade of the Elb and Jahda has been raised since the 5th, and the Prussian ports on the Baltic have by this time become free.

Advices have been received from Hamburg to the 6th inst. They state that the Provisional Government of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein have refused to acknowledge the armistice lately concluded by Prussia, in the name of the Germanic Confederation. The greatest jealousy of Prussia prevails amongst the democratic party of the north of Germany, and it is feared that the exertions of that power to promote peace will be rendered fruitless.

General Garibaldi, who has lately been forced by the Austrians to fly from Italy, has arrived at Besancon, on his way, it is thought, to Paris.

MARKETS.

The weather continues fine in Great Britain, and favorable for harvesting, which has had the effect of causing a decline in the prices of grain. The fall amounts to nearly the extent of the recent advance.

Liverpool, Sept. 9.—Sales of corn at 33 to 34s. per quarter. Flour ranges from 30s. 6d. to 31s.

Cotton Market.—Fair Upland cotton 4⅛d.; Mobile 4¼d.; Orleans 4½d.

London Grain Market, Sept. 8.—Sales of corn 30s. to 38s. per quarter. Flour sells at 28s. to 32s. per barrel.

The continuance of fine weather which prevailed during the greater part of last week, and the temporary settlement of the dispute between Germany and Denmark, has had a very favorable effect upon trade in general since the sailing of the Europa.

The reports from the manufacturing districts are encouraging. Activity prevails, and there is no surplus stock remaining on hand.

Money is in active demand at 2½ to 3 per cent for the rate of discount on the best bills.

The demand for Cotton continues good, both from consumers and exporters. The sales each day are about 5 000 bales. From the 1st to the 8th instant, 30,530 bales were sold, of which 1,100 American were for speculation, and 3,700 for export. The market closed steady.

The estimated stock of cotton on hand at this port continues in excess of last year by about 161,800 bales. Until there is more certainty respecting the new crops of the United States, prices cannot be expected to advance to any extent beyond our present quotations.

Something New.—A Yankee, it must be, has recently invented an article that will be the delight of every housekeeper. It is *Cheever's Patent Fire Kindler*. It is a neat little cake of highly combustible materials, marked into ten lesser squares; each of these divisions is amply sufficient to kindle a coal fire, as it burns with a strong, steady flame for some twenty minutes.

Mr. Wilmot's District.—Some Democrats of Tioga, dissatisfied with Mr. Wilmot's course, have taken up Jonah Brewster, Esq., as their candidate for Congress in opposition to him.

☞ The Viennoise children closed their performances at Rochester on the 14th inst., and started immediately for Boston.

☞ Ohio, it is said, has more colleges in it than any other State in the Union, though she is only about fifty years old.

Dr. Franklin.—The following is a passage in a letter from Dr. Franklin to Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, dated at Passy, July 26th, 1784. The doctor is writing upon the benefits and evils of luxury—and says:

"The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap. Three years after, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much the daughter had been pleased with it. 'But,' said he, 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.' 'How so?' 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia; and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost less than a hundred pounds.' 'True,' said the farmer, 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us, for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens, for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; and you know that that industry has continued, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.' Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, September 23, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The tenor of the last European advices caused a decline in the early part of the week, and a more active demand sprang up, some 7,000 bbls having been disposed of at $5,50a5 62½ for common to good brands. Rye Flour has declined to $4a4,12½, and Corn Meal to $3 per bbl for Pennsylvania, at which some 1,500 bbls were sold.

GRAIN—Wheat has been in good demand, and the price is somewhat higher at the close—sales of about 30,000 bushels at $1,10a1,18 for red, and $1,17a1,20 for white, per bushel. Rye is scarce and wanted at 68a71 cts. Corn has been in brisk demand, with sales of fully 40,000 bushels at 61a63c. Oats—Prices continue steady, with small sales.

PROVISIONS—Western Pork continues dull, with small sales of Mess at $11,50a12, and Prime at $9,50 per bbl. Beef is very scarce—the last sale of City Mess was at $12,50a13 per bbl. The stock of good Bacon is much reduced, and prices are very firm; sales of Western Hams at 5½a9½c; Sides at 5¼a5½, and Shoulders at 4¼a5c. Lard is steady at 8a8½ cts, with small sales. Butter sells in lots as wanted at 11a13 cts, and Cheese at 7¼a8c per lb.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron is materially reduced, and prices are firm at $36 per ton for 1st quality No. 1, with small sales. Some 200 cords Chesnut Oak sold at $10,50a12 per cord.

BEESWAX—The market continues very dull.

BREAD—Demand limited; we continue to quote Pilot Bread at 4¼a4½, Navy at 3a3½, and Crackers at 5c per lb.

CANDLES—Moderate sales of Sperm at 29a31 cts. Tallow Candles sell at 11½ cts for Mould, and 10½ for Dipped.

COAL—The demand continues limited, and but little Anthracite is going forward at this time. Prices have not varied. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous at 15½a16 cts per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been more activity in the market this week, and prices are much firmer. Sales of 3,000 bags Rio at 6¼a6½; 2,000 Puerto Cabello at 5¾a6¼, and 500 St. Domingo at 5¼a5½, all 4 mos.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet this week, and the transactions only sum up 525 bales, including Upland, N. Orleans and Tennessee, at prices within our range:

	Upland & Fla	N. Orls & Als.
Middling,	6 a 6½	6 a 6¾
Middling Fair,	6¾ a 6¾	6¾ a 7¼
Fair,	7¼ a 7¾	7½ a 7¾

DOMESTIC GOODS—The market is tolerably active, and a fair amount of business is going forward at the previous low rates.

FEATHERS—The demand continues to a fair extent, with sales of 10,000 lbs good Western at 33a36c per lb.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel is moderate, with increased receipts. Steady sales of No. 1 at $10,50a11,50; No. 2 at $8a9, and No. 3 at $3,50a4.

GUANO—Steady sales at $40a48 per ton.

GINSENG—Further sales of 1,300 lbs Crude at 38c per lb.

HEMP—The market is nearly bare of American, and prices tend upward.

HIDES—No sales this week.

IRON—There has been an increased demand for Pig Metal since our last weekly review, and 6a800 tons sold at $22,50a25 for Anthracite, and $26a28 for Charcoal Iron. In other descriptions not much doing.

LATHS—Cargo sales of 500,000 Eastern at $1,15a1,25 per M.

MOLASSES—The market is poorly supplied, and no sales of moment have transpired.

NAVAL STORES—The supplies generally of articles under this head are light, and prices steady. Sales of 1,000 bbls Rosin sold at $1 for common, and $1,75 a2,50 for Nos 2 and 1. In Tar and Pitch no sales. For Spirits of Turpentine the demand has been good, and sales to some extent have been made at 43a44 cts.

RICE—The stock is greatly reduced—sales of 300 casks at 4¼a4¾c.

SPIRITS—French Brandy sells in small lots at $1,20 a1,70 for Bordeaux; $1,40a1 80 for Rochelle, and $3,50 for old Cognac. Holland Gin is steady at $1,45, with small sales. New England Rum is dull at 33a38 cts. Whiskey has been in limited request, and prices are barely supported. Sales in hhds at 27a28, and in bbls at 28a29 cts.

SEEDS—Good Cloverseed is scarce, and prices steady at $3,75a4 per bushel, with small sales. Flaxseed is dull at $1,30 per bushel.

SALT—About 3,000 sacks Liverpool Fine sold at a price not made public.

SUGARS—The demand for Muscovados has again been active, and prices are very firm. The aggregate week's sales sum up 2,000 hhds, including Cuba, at 4 a5½, and New Orleans at 4¼a5½c, and about 1,200 bxs Havana and Matanzas at 4½a5 for brown and yellow, and 5¾a7c for white, all 4 mos.

TEAS—A limited business is going forward at previous prices.

TOBACCO—The market is dull and only a few hhds Kentucky have changed hands this week at previous rates.

WOOL—The demand is still limited, and prices are unchanged.—*Bick Reporter.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	102	—	Far & Mec	53	54
" '62	103	—	Commercial	50	51
" '67	104½	104¾	N Liberty	40	45
" '68	104½	104¾	Mechanics'	25	25¼
War Ln scr	97¼	98¼	Southwark	60	—
" 5s '53	93	—	Kensington	55	—
" 5s '51	91	—	P Township	26	—
U S Tr N 6s	103	103½	Girard	10½	10¾
" 1 mill	—	102	Western	48	49½
Phila 6s	—	100½	Man & Mechs	23½	25¼
" 5s	—	90¼	Bk of Com	50	—
" 5s Gas	—	86¼	Camden	31	—
County 6s	95	—	Germantown	41	—
" 5s	83	—	Miners', Potts	39	42
Penna 6s	84½	85	Trenton Bkg Co	—	34½
" 5s	73½	74	M & M, Pitts	43	45
Kentucky 6s	—	97¼	Exchange, Pitts	42½	45
Tennessee 5s	—	76	Com, Cincin	25	—
Cincinnati 6s	88	—	Louisville, Ky	89	—
" WW	—	90¼	Kentucky Bk	84	85¼
Texas T Notes	7	10	Northern	99	99¼
Texas bds 8s	—	15	Union, Tenn	—	49½
Schuyl N 6s '68	35¼	36	Planters, Tenn	43	44
" Lnl	70	74	Vicksburg	10½	—
Lehigh N 6s	54¼	55	Com, Natchez	1¼	—
" Jet loan	32	—	Schuyl Nav	9	10½
" Mort	80	81	Lehigh Nav	24	25
" Ct Scrip	83½	84	C & Del Ct	—	60
C & Del Ct 6s	—	83	Morris Cl	9	9¼
C & Am R 6s	95	96¼	Union Cl	8½	9¼
Bea Mdw R 6s	50	—	Cam & Am R	127	127½
Susqueh Ct 6s	40	49	Penna R	—	9
Norrist'n R 6s	62	—	Susqueh Cl	—	9
Harrisburg R 6s	84½	85	Norristown R	11½	11¾
W & R 6s	75½	76½	Harrisburg R	37½	38½
Read R 6s '70	65	65½	Wilmington R	20½	22
" Mort 6s	13	61½	Reading R	15½	—
U S Bk Notes	50	60	Minehill R	—	61½
U S Bk Shares	2½	2½	N Liberty Gas	22	21½
N Amer Bk	115	117	Penn Copper	2½	4
Penna Bk	260	264	N J Copper	1¼	2
Philadelphia	117	118	*Ledger.*		

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 25.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head; sales at $4,50 to 6,25 per 100 lbs. Hogs, about 600 in the market, 300 of which were left over; prices from $5 to 5,50 per 100 lbs. Cows, about 170 in the market; selling as follows: $25 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, and $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs, the former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

Baltimore, Sept. 21.—Beef Cattle—There were offered at the scales on Monday last 1,100 head, of which number 900 were sold to city butchers, at prices ranging from $2 to 2.88 per 100 pounds on the hoof, being equal to $4a5.75 nett, and averaging about $2,25 gross. There were 150 of the above driven to Philadelphia, and the residue left over unsold. Sales of some small lots were more been making at corresponding prices. Hogs—There is a fair supply. Sales making of live at $4.25a5 per 100 lbs.

New York, Sept. 25.—At market 1,500 Beef Cattle, 700 Southern, remainder New York State Cattle, 60 Cows and Calves, 5,800 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle unaltered, from $5 to 7 per cwt—300 head left over—150 driven to Brighton. Prices—Sheep from $1,50 to 2.75a4. Lambs 7s to 14a22s—left over 500. Cows and Calves $22 to 32a$40—all sold.

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 23.

Ashes—The sales were small, including Pots at $6, while for Pearls $6,25 was demanded.

Breadstuffs—Flour—The sales reached about 12,000 bbls, including 5,000 sold to arrive all the present year, at $5,50; 2a3,500 do mixed brands of Michigan, at $5,62½, with several small lots of Ohio at the same price; 1,000 do straight brands Genesee, at $5,75; 400 do extra do at $5,81½. A small lot of favorite extra brands, sold at $6a6,50; Southern was nominal, at $5,87½. Wheat—Sales of 1,000 bushels of Genesee were made at $1,20; 5,000 do Ohio at $1,17; 21,000 do Ohio red at $1,12½, and 400 do Southern at $1,10. Corn—The sales footed up about 2,000 bushels, in separate parcels, among which were 2,500 bushels round mixed, at 67c; 10,000 do New Orleans white and yellow, at 6⅞a63c; 2,000 do round Northern yellow, at 70.75c; 2,500 do round mixed, at 67c; while was held at 64c, which was offered. Meal—Sales of 2,000 bbls were made to arrive next week, at $3,18½. Sales of 2,700 bushels were made at 69a70c. Rye Flour—Sales of 250 bbls were recorded at $4. Oats—Sales of two or three cargoes were made at 34c.

Provisions—Pork was firm; mess was held at $13, while for prime $10 was refused. We heard of no sales beyond retail transactions, at $13,12½ for mess, and $10,12½ for prime. There were buyers of mess in a large way at $12,94, and for prime at $10. Beef—Mess stood at about $13a13,50, and prime at $6,25a6,50. Lard in bbls we quote at 8½c, no sales of moment were reported. Cheese and Butter exhibited no change worthy of notice.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot of Saturday says:—"The Tobacco market continues dull. Some little Maryland has been selling from $2 up to 7, according to the quality. The business of the week has been trifling. We could hear of no transactions in Ohio. The quotations are slightly changed, and are as follows, viz—Maryland, $4,00a5 for inferior and common; $5a5,75 for good common; $6a6 for good; $6a13 for fine and better qualities; common Ohio $3a3,50; good $4,50a6; fine red and wrappery $6,50a9; fine yellow $9a11; and extra wrappery $10a13. The inspections of the week are 1,347 hhds, including 1,040 Maryland, 107 Ohio, and 8 Pennsylvania."

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

VIEWS A-FOOT.

J. Bayard Taylor is about issuing a second and revised edition of his pedestrian excursion in Europe. T. B. Read has painted a portrait of the author, in his travelling costume, which has been engraved for the work. Those of our readers who have not read Mr. Taylor's book, will find it a good investment to purchase a copy of this second edition when it appears. Views A-Foot is a delightful volume, and shews what youth, energy and fine talents can accomplish. The following extract from the work, in relation to the cost of travelling in Europe, will prove interesting to many. Mr. Taylor, it will be remembered, speaks from the card:

The cheapest country for travelling, as far as my experience extended, is Southern Germany, where one can travel comfortably on 25 cents a day. Italy and the south of France come next in order, and are but little more expensive; then follow Switzerland and Northern Germany, and lastly Great Britain. The cheapest city, and one of the pleasantest in the world, is Florence, where we breakfasted on five cents, dined sumptuously on twelve, and went to a good opera for ten. A man would find no difficulty in spending a year there for about $250. This fact may be of some importance to those whose health requires such a stay, yet are kept back from attempting the voyage through fear of the expense. Counting the passage to Leghorn at fifty or sixty dollars, it will be seen how little is necessary for a year's enjoyment of the sweet atmosphere of Italy. In addition to these particulars, the following connected estimate will better show the *minimum* expense of a two years pilgrimage:

Voyage to Liverpool in the second cabin,	$14 00
Three weeks' travel in Ireland and Scotland,	25 00
A week in London, at three shillings a day,	4 50
From London to Heidelberg,	15 00
A month at Heidelberg and trip to Frankfort,	20 00
Seven months in Frankfort, at $10 per month,	70 00
Fuel, passports, excursions and other expenses,	30 00
Tour through Cassel, the Hartz, Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, &c.	40 00
A month in Frankfort,	10 00
From Frankfort through Switzerland, and over the Alps to Milan,	15 00
From Milan to Genoa,	6 00
Expenses from Genoa to Florence,	14 00
Four months in Florence,	50 00
Eight days' journey from Florence to Rome, two weeks in Rome, voyage to Marseilles, and journey to Paris,	40 00
Five weeks in Paris,	15 00
From Paris to London,	8 00
Six weeks in London, at three shillings a day,	31 00
Passage home,	60 00
	$472 10

The cost for places of amusement, guides' fees, and other small expenses, not included in this list, increase the sum total to $500, for which the tour may be made. Now, having, I hope, established this to the reader's satisfaction, I respectfully take leave of him.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

A physician in St. Louis, Missouri, publishes a full description of a case in that city, which he regards as one of Asiatic Cholera. The patient was an Englishman by birth, and said he had the Cholera once in London, and though this was the same disease. He died in forty-eight hours.

The doctor adds that the epidemic should be met at the very earliest moment possible after the appearance of the first symptoms. He therefore recommends persons experiencing the first symptoms to resort at once to the following remedy, which, he says, every one can prepare, and use with safety. Take gum camphor, gum opium, African cayenne, and oil of cloves, each one ounce, and Hoffman's anodyne liquor, one pint. Shake up the ingredients frequently, in a bottle, and in ten to twenty days, filter through paper. Dose for adults, 30 to 60 drops every second, third or fourth hour, until the stomach and bowels are relieved. It should be taken in a wine glass full of water. This, the doctor used extensively during the prevalence of the Cholera in 1833, and he found it an excellent preventive of the disease.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 135—adults 56, and children 79.

New Publications.

The Union Magazine. The October number of the Union contains an engraving called "The Bitter Morning," which represents a rather ill-favored gentleman, sitting up in bed with the bed clothes heaped around him, regarding the snow outside the window, and other signs of the *hard* times, with a troubled expression of countenance. There is also a pretty engraving of the "Hotel de Ville," which so many Mrs. Partingtons have been surprised to find was no *hotel* at all, but simply a City Hall; and a Fashion Plate. The contributors to this number are Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Lynch, J. Bayard Taylor, &c., &c. The editor, Mrs. Kirkland, now in Europe, has a letter giving her "London Experiences," from which we extract the following interesting passages:—

THE QUEEN.

She seemed to us much plainer in every respect than any picture of her we had seen. Her complexion is far from clear, her figure diminutive, her dress devoid of taste. Doubtless, the circumstance of her being in mourning detracted a good deal from the elegance of her appearance. She was drest entirely in black, without even the relief of a white collar, or *manchettes*; a style particularly ill-suited to her figure and complexion. The Prince looks like a substantial German Baron, not ill-favored, but quite behind the notion one gets of him from his portrait. If the Queen had married him for the strength of the impression made by one of those flattering semblances, she must have been sadly disappointed; but she was happily preserved from any danger of so fatal a mistake, by an early acquaintance with the Prince, her cousin, who studied with her under the same masters for two or three years. They are said to be truly happy in their domestic relations; and the English have a deep respect for the private character of their monarch. They consider her a model wife and mother. She is extremely systematic, and makes a point of superintending personally all the arrangements for the comfort and improvement of her children, reading all the books which are provided for their use, and acquainting herself with the characters of those who have charge of them. We were amused to hear that the Queen of England does not like literary people, that she excludes them, as far as possible, from the court; and, in fact, considers having produced a book as equivalent to loss of caste. A person who had by dint of great science and ingenuity perfected a plan by means of which the public interest was essentially benefited, embodied the result of his studies in a book, highly esteemed by the critics and the public. It was proposed by a certain lady at court to present this gentleman, on the strength of this merit, but the Queen absolutely declined receiving him, *because* of his literary character. Some one suggested that he had served with honor in the army, upon which ground her majesty consented to receive him. But the gentleman very properly declined appearing at court on these terms; so that her majesty was after all, the only person presented in the affair. Somebody says, there is hardly a magistrate that does not commit himself twice as often as he commits any one else. But the Queen is only proving her legitimacy; for who ever heard of one of her family as a patron, or even an admirer of literature?

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

With a strong prepossession in favor of English beauty, and a notion that such an occasion as that of the drawing room would afford a fine field for the display of it, we must confess to have been disappointed in our search. Very few of the ladies we saw were more than comely; a large proportion fell behind even that. One beautiful woman there was, whom we were led to suppose to be the Marchioness of Douro, though we could not ascertain it. We were told, that that lady, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and the Duchess of Argyll, daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, were the only conspicuously-beautiful women at court. Neither among the common people, in the streets of London, or in the country towns, did we observe the fresh complexion and buxom air which we had been taught to expect. Low-life beauty seems to have been spoiled by factories; and if there was rural beauty, we did not see it. Pretty children one sees in abundance everywhere—and so nicely kept! It seems to us, that nobody knows so well how to care for the physique of children as the English. They feed them with the simplest possible food, and are astonished when they hear that our young folks share the rich, heavy, high-seasoned dishes of their parents. Oat-meal porridge is considered a suitable breakfast for infant royalty itself; and a simple dinner at one o'clock, the proper thing for children whose parents dine sumptuously at seven. Exercise is considered one of the necessaries of life; and a daily walk or ride (not drive) in the fresh air, the proper form of it. It might be superfluous to notice anything so obvious, if it were not that so many people in good circumstances, with us, neglect this, and keep their children immured in nurseries, or cooped up in school-rooms, with no thought of exercise in the open air as a daily requisite. We wish nothing so much for these benighted parents, as that they should once become acquainted with the habits and principles of a well-ordered English nursery. A reform in that quarter is much needed among us, and we know of no people so well able to be our instructors, as the English, who have certainly brought the nursery system to great perfection, both as respects the comfort and advantage of parents and children.

ENGLISH CHARACTER.

The English are a rational people, most emphatically. Nothing is more apparent in small things than their strong, useful common sense. All the arrangements of daily life go on with a perfect system, which is unthought of among ourselves. It is curious to look at ourselves from this side the water. What a headlong, shifting, mercurial, impulsive, imitative, unfinished people we seem to be, compared with the steady, reasonable, stolid, self-complacent English, who, having been a thousand years busily engaged in discovering the best way of doing everything, are quite sure they have found it; and that every body who does anything in any other way must certainly be wrong! The excellence which has been the result of their patient effort, leads to their obvious self-sufficiency and prejudice; our consciousness of deficiency, and willingness to learn, drive us into servile imitation, and a disposition to think whatever is new must be an improvement upon the old. Yet the English are evidently, in spite of themselves, imbibing something of the American spirit, which we take to be the spirit of this age; let us hope that we shall settle into whatever is good and stable of the olden *regime*. A short residence in London cannot but inspire one with great respect for the English character.

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

There is something very pleasing in the tone of English hospitality. It is manly and dignified, yet sufficiently solicitous to satisfy the feelings of the stranger; it is elegant, without apparent effort; abundant, yet not superfluous; considerate, intelligent, sympathetic. Hospitality is considered in England a duty of life, not an onerous burthen imposed by circumstances, and to be gotten rid of as cheaply as possible, or as an opportunity for ostentation, which is to be made the most of. It forms part of the plan of life, instead of being, as is too often the case with us, a rare thing, for which no regular provision is made. Dinners for show there may be, and doubtless are; we know there are royal dinners, and cabinet dinners, and Lord Mayor's feasts. But dinners where, although everything is handsome and good, society is the first object, are much more common. Conversation is a recognised pleasure; one object in coming together socially, is the exchange of information, and the collision of thought. And still more agreeable than these dinners, where all the guests are invited for a reason, are those ten o'clock breakfasts, from which all the *gene* of dinner is excluded, and at which one may sit in a straw bonnet, and speak to a neighbor, without introduction. This form of entertainment is almost unknown among us; but it deserves to be introduced and adopted. It affords ample scope for elegance, while it excuses all that makes a dinner-party terrible to the mistress of a family, in America, where domestic service is so imperfect. Tea, coffee, chocolate, rolls and butter, a few slices of cold meat, honey, marmalade, plovers' eggs, and, perhaps, a basket of oranges, or fruit in season;—these, as far as we can recollect, make up the mundane part of one of these quiet London breakfasts. But to give an idea of the better part, we should enumerate the company; but that would be contrary to our vow, which binds us to mention no names, even where our entertainers are as well known to the literary as to the social world. We may say, however, that at one breakfast table, where our host was indeed a host, we found a man of science, a travelled man, and a connoisseur in art, as our *convives*; at another, well known to many an American traveller in the old world, an assemblage of guests, each of whom brought no trifling contribution to the common stock of pleasure; and all converged towards their entertainer, whose stores of memory, whose wit and humor, and thorough acquaintance with the world, make an hour spent with him something to be remembered. Such visits leave a mark in the mind; they belong to a state of high civilization, and form one of the most unmistakable marks of it. The lunch is another means of unceremonious hospitality in England, and an excellent short cut to a good understanding between parties who have never met before, and who have not time for the slow ripening of acquaintance into friendship. There is the social position round a table not too large for general conversation, nor too small for more particular interchange of thought; there is the pleasant variety of refreshment, which, while it gratifies various tastes, suggests no unpleasant thought of care and labor beforehand. There is the very agreeable possibility of dispensing almost entirely with the attendance of servants, rendered so necessary by the complications of dinner. Everybody agrees in thinking that a quiet supper is the most social, and unbending, and heart-warming, of all meals; but next to that, commend us to the English breakfast and lunch, of which we have seen such charming specimens.

Ladies' National Magazine. The October number of this magazine contains an engraving representing the meeting of Hero and Leander, as the latter emerged from the Hellespont, on one of his nightly visits to the lady of his love. The scene is by moonlight, and of course does not represent that fatal

"night of stormy water,
When love who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter."

Leander appears, from this engraving, to have been an exceedingly muscular young man, rather well-favored in all respects but one. We would like the engraver to produce his authority for depicting him as the possessor of, to say the least, such a *remarkable* calf. Doubtless it was considerable of an exertion to swim the Hellespont, though both Byron and Mr. ——— (we forget his name,) did it, as well as Leander—but we do not believe that exertion could have produced such a singular distension of the part of the leg in question. But we have occupied so much space with the engraving of this number, that we have very little room to devote to the literary contents. We may state, however, that the contributions are by Mrs. Stephens, T. S. Arthur, &c., &c.

John Donkey. John has come to life again, with the old assortment of good and bad qualities. The engraving of the "Juggler in Trouble," is capital—as is also the "Man with the Military Walk." There are also some good things in the literary matter. Other parts of this number we do not like so well. We do not like, in especial, an attack upon a well known lady of this city, who, however ultra her opinions may be as to the rights of her sex, is one of the most beautiful specimens of true womanhood, within our acquaintance. A lady who, while she takes interest in matters beyond the circle of her home, fails not in the punctual discharge of all the duties of the mistress of a household. We can assure our "Donkey" friends, that such attacks do them no good, even with those who have no sympathy with "ultraisms" of any kind.

Incidents Recalled; or Sketches From Memory. *By William Grimshaw.* We noticed the publication of this work some time since. It contains a number of interesting facts, anecdotes, &c. The writer is the Grimshaw, well known as the author of popular histories of the United States, England, &c. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Phila.*

The Image of His Father; A Tale of a Young Monkey. *By the Brothers Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Illustrated by engravings. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

We have also received this work from *Messrs Carey & Hart*, of this city, in a cheaper form.

The Thousand and One Nights. Part 3 of Harpers' illustrated edition of this favorite for all time, has been issued. It will be concluded in twelve parts, at 25 cents each. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

Items of News.

Robbing a Dead Man.—We published, a few days ago, an account of a person, (apparently a sailor,) who was found dead in his chair in the state room of the steamer Cornelius Vanderbilt, after the boat reached Stonington, and that no evidence of his name or residence could be found on his person. Incredible as it would seem, there appears to be no doubt that the fact of his death was discovered by one of his fellow passengers, who seized the occasion to rifle the pockets of the dead man of all their contents, among which was probably the evidence of his identity. A person was noticed sitting in close vicinity to the deceased, until a very short time of the landing of the boat, who is supposed to have been the robber.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Yoke of Oxen in a Well.—Yesterday afternoon a yoke of oxen was left standing beside an open well, in the process of digging in the rear of the new houses owned by Mr. Enoch King, on Bridge street, and somehow or other one of them slipped into the well and dragged the other after him. They both went to the bottom, about fifteen feet. What is the most remarkable, there was a man in the well, who escaped with but slight injury. The oxen were hoisted out. One of them was not hurt at all, the other got his neck pretty well twisted, and one of his horns broke from his head.—*Taunton Gazette, 19th.*

Odd Fellows.—It is proposed to introduce the representative system into the Constitution of the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge, I. O. of O. F., so that each Lodge shall only have a right to vote by its representative. The other P. G.'s are to be members of the Grand Lodge, but to be entitled to no vote except for Grand Lodge officers. These proposed alterations are fundamental and important, and excite great interest among the members of the Order. It is also proposed to give each member of the Order a vote upon Grand Lodge offices by submitting the names of candidates to meetings of the subordinate Lodges.

Cincinnati.—The rapidity of the rise of real estate in Cincinnati is well illustrated by a statement made in the "Times," by Mr. Wm. V. Barr, son of the late Wm. Barr, owner of the "Barr Farm." Mr. B. has been investigating the matter, and states that his father gave $33 50 per acre for this property in the year 1811; "Thus," says Mr. Barr, paying $335 50 for what at this day, on an average of $30 per foot, which is low, is worth nine millions three hundred and four thousand dollars, without reference to the buildings thereon!"

Marking His Hat.—In several places in Germany, when a man subscribes a specified sum for the poor, or for the establishment of a German fleet, a mark is placed on his hat, and he is not required to take it off as a mark of respect and politeness, but only touch the brim with his finger.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Independence Expositor, according to the St. Louis Organ, publishes extracts from the California Star as late as April 1st. California continues perfectly quiet. For more than a year no disorders have occurred. The native Californians are beginning to mingle with our people.

The narrow-eyed, pig-tailed Celestials, from China, are beginning to make their appearance in California, and it is said that a large immigration from China may be expected. They would no doubt prove to be a most industrious and thriving class of the population, and we do not know that there is anything to prevent their enjoying the rights of American citizens. Pagodas may be expected to arise in California by the side of churches, and a large Christian missionary field will be opened there.

Another rich silver mine has been discovered in the valley of San Jose, said in the Star to be the richest ever yet found in Mexico. If so, it must be rich indeed. The vein is three and a half feet thick, having an uninterrupted run east for three miles, the depth yet unknown. With a few hours' labor, there has been uncovered several tons of ore. It is fine ore, and requires but little expense in smelting. Viewing it throughout, location, thickness of vein and richness of the mineral, it will, it is said, prove to be a magnificent concern.

Mr. Alexander Forbes recently sailed from Monterey with a cargo of quicksilver, $20,000 in value, the product of the mines of New Almadin, near the valley of San Jose, and extracted within the short space of three months.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A suit has been decided in Louisville, which establishes the principle that a merchant may recover damages for loss occasioned by the fall in the price of an article he has shipped, when that loss is caused by the neglect of the officers or owners of the boat to leave port at the stipulated time. In the suit referred to, five hundred barrels of flour were shipped on board the steamer Grace Darling, for New Orleans, and an advance paid of five cents per barrel for freight, stipulating to proceed to New Orleans immediately in consideration thereof. The boat, however, was detained for some time, and the price of flour had materially declined in the Southern market. The Judge decided in favor of the plaintiffs, and ordered that the owner or owners of the Grace Darling shall pay damages to the full amount of the loss sustained by the shippers in the detention of their produce from the market.

THE BUFFALO HUNT.

A public meeting was held at Tampico on the 6th instant, composed of the principal inhabitants and merchants, in reference to the project of the new Republic of the Sierra Madre.

Resolutions were passed strongly denunciatory of the intended scheme, and it was determined to form themselves into a strongly armed body, for the purpose of preserving order and resisting any invaders of the Mexican soil, if they should present themselves.

President Herrera has issued orders for the transportation of any of the present inhabitants of the territory ceded to the United States, to any point in the Republic at the public expense.

The Attempt to Poison Mrs. Calhoun at Fort Hill.—Two slaves have been placed in jail for attempting to poison Mrs. John C. Calhoun, at her residence in South Carolina. The facts are these: Mrs. C. purchased a bottle of acid to remove stains from cloth, and took it home. She carried it into the kitchen, told the servants what it was for, and that as it was a deadly poison, they must be careful in handling it so as not to get any on their fingers. Nancy, a kitchen servant, took charge of it, but before putting it away made another kitchen servant pour out a small vial full, and put that aside also. Mrs. Calhoun usually takes a cup of coffee early in the morning, and a few days afterwards, when a little negro boy brought a cup to her, as usual, she perceived on tasting the coffee that it had an unusual flavor. This she remarked to the boy, who became frightened and wished to take it away, which she would not allow him to do, but immediately sent for a physician. When he arrived he pronounced the coffee poisoned. The girl Nancy then confessed that she had put some of the article intended for cleansing clothes, in the coffee. A man servant, (Tom,) Nancy and the boy, where then sent off to jail. Mr. Calhoun, who was in Washington, was not informed of the matter, as they did not wish to worry him; so that he knew nothing of it until after he had made his speech at Charleston, and probably did not hear of it until he arrived home at Fort Hill.

The Fate of Lamartine.—The fickleness of the French character is more truly evinced in the following item translated from the Courier Des Etats Unis, than in any thing we have seen lately. It is a melancholy comment upon the vanity of popularity, to see him who was the real hero of the last great revolution, who was for months the idol of all France, as well as America, thus made the object of ridicule, sport and spleen.

"It was decided at the last session of the 'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres,' that M. Lamartine, being politically dead, should be mummyized, and placed in the Egyptian Museum. According to Rumor, it would be most appropriately put in the place of the statue of Memnon, which utters harmonious sounds, but no sense."

A Chance for an Astrologer.—One of the political papers advertises for an astrologer to read the "stars" in Mr. Clay's letter, as published in the New York Express.

Alarming.—It is said that the number of medical men in London, is greater than the butchers, and nearly as great as the bakers.

Clippings.

☞ Dr. Fuller said, "An ounce of mirth, with the same degree of grace will serve God farther than a pound of sadness."

☞ The toll required and paid on bar iron on the Pennsylvania Canal is greater than the freight paid on it from Europe.

☞ Dr. Bristol, of Lockport, Niagara County, advertises to make artificial eyes. He says, although not in his line, he will take orders from persons having valuable horses deformed by loss of an eye. When the eye is made, the owner, we suppose, can supply the *looker*.

☞ Blessed are they that do not advertise—for they shall rarely be troubled with customers.

☞ The Reverend Mr. Mathos, of the Baptist Church, while preaching in Greene County, Georgia, a few Sundays since, fell dead in the pulpit.

☞ The Irving House, a new hotel just opened on Broadway, New York, has been erected at a cost of nearly half a million of dollars, and furnished and fitted at a cost of about $75,000.

☞ The Croton Works supply sixteen millions of gallons of water to New York daily. Half that amount only is consumed.

☞ A gentleman, in his eagerness at table to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife slipping on the bottom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust, when a wag, who sat opposite to him, very gravely observed, whilst he held his plate:—"Sir, may I trouble you for a bit, whilst your *hand* is in?"

☞ Never find fault with girls, very young girls in particular, if they are decided romps—but be thankful that they have health and the spirits necessary for romping. Better be a romp, than have a narrow chest and a flushed cheek.

☞ "I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting, instead of the men, they would make bloody work of it?" "No, why do you ask?" "Because I think they would, they would have such an 'engaging' way with them." "But then they have also such a *captivating* way that there would doubtless be more prisoners than killed."

☞ In the Cathedral burying ground of Elgin, there is a grave-stone bearing the date 1687, on which are the following quaint lines:—

"This world is a citie full of streets,
And death is the mercat that all men meets,
If lyfe were a thing that monie could buy,
The poor could not live, and the rich would not die."

☞ The Prince de Joinville who has his father's sagacity in money matters, without his over-grasping avarice, is investing his means in United States stock. For one item, he lately bought $20,000 of New York stock, in his own and wife's name.

☞ William Easby, of Washington, D. C., has obtained a patent for a method of converting fine coal into solid lumps. Patented, August 29th, 1848. What he claims is the formation of small particles of any variety of coal into solid lumps by pressure.

☞ A Mobile Manufacturing Company has been commenced in that city. This enterprise has been started under the free manufacturing law of the State, passed in 1846.

☞ Another Mormon War is threatened in Illinois. Two meetings have recently been held in Nauvoo, with a view of adopting measures to drive the remaining Mormons out.

☞ Mrs. Patrick Barnan, of Hartford, Ct., gave birth to *four children* recently—three girls and a boy! She died the following morning. One of the children also died.

☞ The Secretary of the Navy has appointed Lieut. Gillis to the command of the astronomical expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, authorized at the late session of Congress.

☞ The Lodi Democrat says that there is a little girl in his office, 12 years old, who sets 6,000 ems per day. She has worked at the business only three months.

☞ The mechanic at the present day wears a finer coat than bluff Henry VIII. did, and the artisan of New York treads on a softer carpet than did Queen Bess.

☞ A French master, going on horseback lately to teach at an academy for ladies, was thrown off his horse into a ditch. When he made his appearance before the mistress, in order to apologize for the dirt which besmeared his habiliments, he said, "Ah, madame, I have fallen in *de dish*." "Oui, monsieur, I see it, you are covered with the *gravy*."

☞ The Acadia was searched previous to leaving Liverpool for Irish fugitives, but without finding any.

☞ The system of magnetic telegraph used in the United States, which is much more simple and intelligible than the electric telegraph in use in England, is about to be adopted by the Electric Telegraph Company in that country.

☞ The Dublin correspondent of the Tribune states that the wife, children, mother and sisters of the patriot Mitchel are about to come to this country. While there was a hope of Ireland's liberation, they preferred to remain at home.

☞ A snow-storm visited Western New York last Friday week. The first of the season, however, was notched up at Franconia, N. H., where Mount Lafayette was covered with snow on the morning of the 7th inst.

☞ The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which has been in session in Baltimore, has adjourned. The New York difficulty as it has been called, was settled by the admission of the city delegates. It, however, caused no ill-feeling, both sets of claimants having agreed that the decision of the Grand Lodge should be final and binding on each.

☞ Mitchel, the Irish patriot, is employed at Bermuda, in the convalescent ward for sick officers, in consequence of an opinion of his physician, that he was suffering from chronic disease, and was incapable of out-door convict labor.

☞ Humboldt, the celebrated author, says that "William H. Prescott, of Boston, is not only the greatest historian of America, but is the most eminent of the known world. It is with the most profound interest that I read his wonderful productions, which are volumes of precious collections, on whose leaves are indelibly stamped that rich taste of arranging facts which belong to a superior mind."

☞ A useful discovery has been made by Mr. Jas. Coppuck, of Mount Holly, by which white paint, when put upon a house, will retain its appearance for a number of years, pure and fresh. The paint does not change even when kept in a damp place.

☞ A rat gnawed through the water-pipe in the Phoenix Building, New York, and flooded the house. The pipe was a quarter of an inch thick, and of a composition nearly as hard as tin.

☞ The Boston Chronotype says the female compositors in the offices of several religious papers of that city are paid but twelve cents per thousand ems, about half the amount that the male compositors receive.

☞ A lunatic, who had been an inmate of the Hartford Insane Retreat, recently jumped from the stone bridge into the river, and was restored to reason by the shock.

Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEM'R.

Abridged from "Le Follet, Journal du Grand Monde."

White muslin dresses, with three or four deep flounces, scolloped at the edge, or seven or eight tucks, are much worn. These dresses are always made high, with large sleeves drawn in at the cuffs; or short sleeves with Russian leather gloves embroidered in black and trimmed with a narrow rouche of black lace, or edged with velvet, and fastened with a bow at the side, are much in fashion. All dresses are made sufficiently short in front to show the fancy stockings and shoes. With these white dresses large white tarlatane shawls with deep fringes, or some of the many thousand mantelets of fancy silks, either blue, rose-colored, lilac, &c., more or less ornamented with trimmings of the same material, or black lace, are worn. Small velvet mantelets, black, green, or blue, lined with white silk and trimmed with broad braid on the edge, are in request for evening costume, as an elegant preservative against the air of the autumn evenings. These mantelets, or kind of small paletot sac, have the sleeves half long and loose, so as to avoid the appearance of a winter dress, or disarranging the under dress.

Bonnets have not altered yet in shape; they are round in the front, and closing at the chin, with the exception of some full dress bonnets, which are of the Pamela form, and worn by some pretty women, whose faces suit this shape off to advantage.—Straw bonnets are trimmed with flowers of the most simple character; a boquet is fastened on the side, without any air of pretension. Water lilies, branches of ivy, or a boquet of corn-flowers, are worn on bonnets by the water-side.

There are some very charming and new patterns in silks, for redingotes, and dejeuner dresses. Dinner dresses of muslin, and embroidered organdies with flounces, some embroidered in colors, others in white with lace intermixed, are much sought for. For morning promenade, robes of coutil, foulard, toile de Norwege, or poil de chevre, embroidered in crotchet, or soutaches in different shade, are worn.

To give the dresses of barege a rich and heavier appearance, they are lined with a bright pink or cerise gauze or muslin; we have seen some of this description, the bareges being a white ground in Turkish designs, pompadour, or in stripes. This lining, independent of the consistency it gives to the dress, produces a soft and warming effect, which is very pretty.

Among the dresses preparing to be worn at Baden, we have seen some charming redingotes in lilac taffetas, bleu de France, and English green, trimmed with black lace, placed *en revers* upon the front of the skirt, and either side of the body, which is open, allowing a piece of the silk to be seen instead of the chemisette, and trimmed with lace in rows across the front. The half-long sleeves, which are loose, are trimmed with three narrow laces, falling over the arm. A guimpe and under sleeves in large puffs of plain white tulle, give to this toilette an appearance half negligé, and in good taste; between the two laces on the skirt, bows of ribbon, the shade of the dress, forming four roques, separated by small buckles of marquesite or burnished gold. The shoes of the same shade as the dress are a mark of good taste in the wearer.

We have noticed at a fete given lately, two young ladies dressed in white *linen* dresses, trimmed with bouillonnes of the same, ascending to the knee, and covering a berthe and short sleeves; upon these bouillonnes, placed at short distances, were small bows of rose-colored satin. The coiffure a bow of velvet, black, green, or dark blue, with long floating ends, fixed upon the side of the head over a rose and its leaves; the large tortoise shell comb suited well with this style.

Varieties.

FAITHFULNESS.

The wildest robber of the Bedouin tribes, will never violate the laws of hospitality to a guest who has once tasted of his salt. In Price's Mohammedan History we have an example of the strength of this bond. Yaakoob, the son of Ebn Says Er Salter, having adopted a predatory life, excavated a passage one night into the palace of Dirkem, the Governor of Seestan, and after he had made up a convenient bale of gold and jewels and the most costly stuffs, was proceeding to carry it off, when he happened in the dark, to strike his foot against something hard on the floor. Thinking it might be a jewel of some sort or other, he picked it up, and put it to his tongue, and to his great astonishment found it to be a piece of rock salt. For having thus tasted the salt of the owner, his avarice gave way to his respect for the laws of hospitality, and throwing down his precious booty, he left it behind him and withdrew empty handed to his habitation. The treasurer of Dirkem repairing on the following day, according to custom, to inspect his charge was equally surprised and alarmed at observing that a great part of the treasure and other valuables had been removed; but, on examining the packages which lay on the floor, his astonishment was not less to find that not a single article had been conveyed away. The singularity of the circumstance induced him to report it immediately to his master; and the latter causing it to be proclaimed through the city, that the author of this proceeding had his free pardon, farther announced that on repairing to the palace he would be distinguished by the most encouraging marks of favor. Yaakoob availed himself of this invitation, relying upon the promise, which was fulfilled to him, and from that period he gradually rose in power, until he became the founder of a dynasty.

Betting on Elections.—Betting on the result of an election, is a poor way of testing the soundness of one's political opinions, and should be discountenanced by honest men of all parties, as, what the law holds it to be, nothing better than a species of gambling. The unwary are sometimes entrapped in making two or three bets at once, so arranged that the challenger is almost sure to win. An instance of this sort has just come to our knowledge. A Democrat offers the following bets; first, $10 that he will name 12 States that Cass will get; second, $10 each on the other 18; and third, $100 that he will come out a winner on the two bets. At first sight it appears that he is offering great odds, but on examination it will be seen to be but a trick. He will name 12 of the States most likely to vote for Taylor, and of course loses that—this is a small part of the transaction. The remaining 18 being more doubtful, he looks to them for at least 10, and if he gets that number, wins on the average, and also $100 on the last bet.

CONUNDRUM.

"My first is a little thing that hops,
My second brings us good hay crops,
My whole I eat with mutton chops."

Answer—"Sparrowgrass," called by the polite, Asparagus.

☞ A gentleman having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said the gentleman, smiling, "shall I do with the earth which is dug out of the pit?" To which the steward, with great gravity, replied, "*Have the pit made large enough to hold all.*"

☞ "Johnny, my son, will you have some more beans?" "No." "No, what, darling?" "No beans."

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner South, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevens on, and W. Ramsay.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 9th to the 16th Sept.

September 9, received from			
D. Shaw	$1 00	B. L. Berslow & Co.	7 50
J. M. Baker	2 00	W. Scott	2 00
Mrs. S. L. Russell	5 00	Miss L. C. Allery	2 00
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D. Sullivan	1 00	C. N. McKnight	2 00
September 11.			
G. Turner	5 00	N. K. Cole	5 00
S. Herriott	2 00	C. A. Kissam	2 00
Justus White	75 00	Miss E. C. Edgar	2 00
M. M. Hale	5 00	Miss N. E. Elliott	2 00
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A. O. Kane	1 00	Mrs. S. A. Correll	1 00
Jona. White	1 00	A. McCarty	1 00
S. E. Furman	1 00	E. P. Bacon	1 00
G. K. Smith	1 00	H. Olwine	1 00
S. Jenkins	1 00	R. L. Lee	50
E. Mastin	2 00	J. R. Fay	50
H. W. Graeff	1 00	F. Schenck	2 00
G. H. Stubbins	1 00	J. L. Jones	1 00
C. Walters	1 00	J. Barnard	1 00
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A. Scott	2 00	C. L. Ervine & Co.	20 00
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J. Painter	1 00	Mrs. H. C. Keen	1 00
W. W. Neeper	2 00	W. & L. Wurts	15 00
F. O. Deschamps	1 00		
September 14.			
H. P. Butler	1 00	J. W. Paugh	30 00
J. Tilton	3 50	C. Gale	1 10
J. Hender	2 00	J. Blackledge	2 00
J. Mason	10 00	D. Hayward	2 00
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J. Smith	2 00	J. Chatterton	2 00
J. P. Harrell	5 00	A. C. Lusbaro & Co.	15 00
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September 15.			
D. H. Carlton	2 00	Miss S. G. Metz	2 00
S. W. Dennison	1 00	S. C. Lurklert, Jr.	2 00
E. Butler	2 00	H. & L. Morton	5 00
J. Walker	2 00	Miss A. S. Morris	2 00
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J. S. Quicksall	3 00	Miss M. E. Emmett	2 00
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September 18.			
H. F. Whiteman	2 00	R. P. Miller	10 00
Miss S. L. White	62	H. & W. Jarden	10 00
A. W. Bingham	1 25	N. & C. Hayne	5 00
C. W. James	50 00	Mrs. W. C. Jordan	5 00
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Dear Sir: Having used several bottles of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry in my family, for the complaints for which it is recommended, with decided beneficial effect, I cheerfully advise my friends, and all others who may need a medicine of that kind, to try it. G. A. SCHWARZMAN.

N. B. We do not ask the public to rely solely upon recommendations produced from states far distant, where the persons cannot be known; but, having testimony from every State in the Union, we refer all who have any doubts about the efficacy of this highly popular and useful medicine, to their own neighbors who have used the article.

Beware of counterfeits and imitations—Syrups, and all other preparations of Wild Cherry. Remember, they only imitate in name, without possessing the virtues. Buy none but the genuine and original

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Signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 315 Market street, Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. 1t

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street,
Philadelphia, September 30, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
U. S. bank notes	12 dis	VERMONT.	
Girard do.	par	Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
York	1 dis	CONNECTICUT.	
Berks county	no sale	All solvent banks	½ dis
Gettysburg	1 dis	MASSACHUSETTS.	
Carlisle	1 dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Lewistown	90 dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Brownsville	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis	CANADA.	
Waynesburg	1½ dis	Montreal	5 dis
Washington	1½ dis	VIRGINIA.	
Erie	10 dis	Bk of Va & branches	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis	Far. Bk. & branches	do dis
Lebanon	par	Valley Bk. & branches	do dis
Lehigh county bank	—	Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Towanda	no sale	Wheeling	do dis
Honesdale	½ dis	NORTH CAROLINA.	
Harrisburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Wyoming	1½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Middletown	½ dis	So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
Northampton	no sale	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	Small notes	3 dis
Pottsville	par	GEORGIA.	
Relief notes	1½ dis	Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par	Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Plainfield	—	Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis	All solvent banks	2 dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	90 dis	Small notes	2½ dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Bank of Mobile	2 dis
All solvent banks	par	Country banks	5 dis
MARYLAND.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis	All banks	uno
Mineral bank	2 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Salisbury	no sale	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis	FLORIDA.	
Cumberland	1 dis	So. Life & Trust Co.	—
Washington county	½ dis	OHIO.	
Hagerstown	1 dis	Bank of Wooster	60 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis	Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale	All solvent banks	1½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Small notes	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	KENTUCKY.	
NEW YORK.		All solvent banks	1½ dis
City banks	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
Canal bk., Albany,	55 dis	INDIANA.	
Tonawanda	40 dis	State bank	2 dis
Oswego	30 dis	Small notes	2½ dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis	ILLINOIS.	
James bank	20 dis	Bank of Illinois	60 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis	State bank	70 dis
Staats—Saugerties	1	Bank of Cairo	—
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis	MISSOURI.	
Country banks	1 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE.		TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All solvent banks	4½ dis
		MICHIGAN.	
		Bank of St. Clair	no sale
		Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
		ARKANSAS.	
		All banks	no sale
		WISCONSIN.	
		Mineral Point	—
		Bank of Milwaukie	—
		IOWA.	
		Miners' bank	—

BURLINGTON BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

THE winter session will commence on the first day of the 11th month (November.) For circulars stating terms and other particulars, apply to

SAMUEL J. GUMMERE.

Burlington, N. J., 9 mo. sep23-6t

As Tailors frequently inquire of me where they can obtain the best SYSTEM of GARMENT CUTTING, to all such I would say, go to the AUTOCRAT of FASHION, as he is styled by the public press, MR. F. MAHAN, 211 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, and from him you can obtain, for $5 per year, the very best system for the use of the trade, now extant. It is the best for the young beginner, because it is the most simple, and any person who can read, can acquire a full knowledge of the system without any other instructions being required than that laid down in the work; the whole work is laid down in alphabetical order. It is the best system for the Tailor of experience, because the author is a man of decided taste, and has the reputation of standing at the head of his profession as the best cutter in the United States, and his drafts can be fully depended upon for correctness, taste, &c. Besides, I am creditably informed that he has at this time near 6,000 subscribers; this, I presume, is a larger subscription list than all other publishers of a similar work can boast of in this country; the fact that he is so well patronized, is proof positive that the trade think as I do, that his system is the best now in use.

sep 30-1t* A SUBSCRIBER.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1848.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
30 Saturday,	6 10	5 50	4 16	
1 Sunday,	6 11	5 49	5 1	D. H. M.
2 Monday,	6 12	5 48	5 47	
3 Tuesday,	6 14	5 46	6 34	
4 Wednesday,	6 15	5 45	6 22	First 5 9 10
5 Thursday,	6 17	5 43	8 12	Full 12 11 9
6 Friday,	6 18	5 42	9 2	Last 19 1 41
7 Saturday,	6 19	5 41	9 53	New 26 10 1

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept. 17,	54	60	62
18,	57	65	69
19,	60	72	76
20,	72	79	82
21,	62	67	70
22,	57	63	63
23,	49	56	60

Married.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Joel Haywood, Capt. Edward M. Lonan, to Miss Laura Holmes, all of Union Township, Montgomery county, N. J.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, J. A. Reitenman, of Hamburg, to Henrietta Stokes, of Hommesdorf.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. James W. Stewart, Mr. John Bots, to Miss Catharine Cassady, all of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the same, Mr. John Reid, to Miss Rachel Leitch, all of Philadelphia.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Jas. W. Scott, to Miss Charlotte L. Gibberson, all of this city.

On the 18th of May, by Alderman Thompson, Mr. Elias Search, to Miss Abigail Butterworth, of this city.

On the 21st inst. in Frankford, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. Wm. Taylor, of this city, to Miss Jane Morrison, of the former place.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. C. C. Cuyler, D. D. the Rev. D. Niles Freeland, of Monroe, N. Y. formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss E. Burwell, of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. John Kennedy, Elias A. Black, of Illinois, to Mary Stewart, of this city.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Wm. Douglass, Rector of St. Thomas Church, Howard J. Potter, of this city, to Harriet Hollingsworth, of Columbia, Pa.

On the 11th of May, by the Rev. Geo. Lacey, Mr. Harrison Dixon, to Miss Jane Dilks, all of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. John Blarne, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Maria Fevring, of Spring Garden.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, Mr. Wm. Tuxbury, of Boston, to Miss Caroline C. Hunt, of this city.

On the 2d ult. by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, Henry W. Speel, to Caroline Paul, daughter of the late James McCormack, Esq.

On the 25th of August, by the Rev. John Douglass, Mr. Richard Webster Long, to Anna McCauley, all of Southwark.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, Mr. John J. Andrews, to Miss Josephine Brand, daughter of Capt. Jos. Brand, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Milton F. Lukens, to Miss Virginia Baker, all of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. Isaac M. Thompson, to Miss Margaret Drain, all of Philadelphia.

Died.

On the 22d inst. Elizabeth K. wife of Jas. Miller.

On the 21st inst. John Mahaun, aged 65 years.

On the 20th inst. Mary Ida, daughter of Joseph D. and Jane E. Simpson, aged 6 years and 22 days.

On the 23d inst. Jane, wife of Capt. F. W. Binder, aged 27 years.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. Mary A. Vinson, aged 43.

On the 22d inst. Mrs. Eliza Merritt, aged 54.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Elizabeth H. Reoch, aged 27 years.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Frances Glenn, aged 66.

On the 18th inst. at Trenton, N. J., Willard C. son of Albert G. and Marion Enos, aged 2 years and 9 mos.

On the 20th inst. Joseph M. Morris.

On the 20th inst. J. Lindley Johnson, aged 33.

On the 21st inst. Dominick McCormick, aged 62.

On the 20th inst. Edward Miller, son of Saml. D. and Lydia A. Burlock, aged 10 months.

On the 20th inst. Sarah Otty, daughter of the late James Harris, aged 29 years.

On the 19th inst. Thomas Cummins, aged 29 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Caroline McDonnell, aged 28 years.

On the 20th inst. Bridget Lyons, aged 17 months.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Bridget Lafferty, aged 54.

On the 19th inst. Jacob Mann.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Charlotte Yard, aged 80.

On the 19th inst. Alexander Downing, aged 27.

On the 16th inst. Elizabeth Faunce, aged 73.

On the 19th inst. Michael Patton.

On the 19th inst. Ida Maria, only child of Sylvester and Hester E. Billings, aged 5 years.

On the 20th inst. Charles Edward, son of Wm. and Lyndamyra Harbeson.

On the 15th inst. at Boston, Mr. Hugh Early, aged 24 years, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 19th inst. Wm. Parke, aged 22 years.

On the 19th inst. Rebecca Bowman, aged 45 years.

On the 16th inst. Fanny Irene, daughter of Charles M. and Elizabeth A. Smith, aged 9 months.

On the 17th inst. Daniel Van Osten, aged 45.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Hoch, aged 68.

On the 18th inst. Michael McDermott, aged 53.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Mary Booth, late of Manchester, England.

OBITUARY.

Died near Harrisburg, on Sunday, Sept. 10th, Lewis L., and on the Sunday following, Alexander W. sons of Wm. Audenried, Esq. formerly a member of the Senate of this State. The former was in the 19th year of his age, and the latter in the 20th. They had returned home from Dickinson College, and during the vacation, death in the form of congestive fever took them off in the morning of life.

The elder was a youth of intellectual promise, and both were beloved by their relatives and acquaintances on account of their very amiable dispositions.

Companions in life they were not divided in death. This dispensation of Providence is indeed a heavy affliction to mourning relatives and friends.

"I saw a pale mourner bending over the tomb, and his tears fell often. As he raised his humid eyes to Heaven, he cried, 'my brother! oh, my brother!' A sage passed that way and said, 'for whom mournest thou?' 'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel.' 'What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?' 'I would not offend him with an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show him friendship if he could come to my fond embrace.' 'Then waste not thy time in useless grief, but if thou hast friends go cherish the living, remembering that they will one day be dead also.'"

AGENTS WANTED—In every section of the United States, to canvass for some very popular works, issued by the "AMERICAN NATIONAL AND PICTORIAL BOOK ESTABLISHMENT." To men of *enterprise and tact*, this offers an *opportunity* seldom if ever met with. A capital of about $25,00 will be requisite for an outfit. Communications to secure attention must be *prepaid*.

JOHN JONES,
sep30-1t* No. 28 North FIFTH St., Phila.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

A FEW NOTICES MORE NEXT WEEK.

THE LADY'S BOOK has become a household word throughout the length and breadth of the country.—*Weekly News, Shippensburgh, Pa.*

It stands in the front rank of periodicals of this kind, and is endeared to us like old customs and household words. It grows with age better and better.—*Gazette, Dover.*

Godey has reached perfection in the publication of the Lady's Book.—*Herald, Wellsburg.*

Godey cannot be outdone. He is in advance of everybody in the publication of his magazine.—*Western Literary Intelligencer, Buffalo.*

We must say for this magazine that its reading is of a more solid and judicious kind than any publication of its class.—*Patriot, Greensboro'.*

It appears determined to outrank all its rivals.—*Democrat, Carlisle.*

The resources of the enterprising publisher of The Lady's Book, appear to be inexhaustible, and the taste, tact, and circumspection manifested in its management, have placed The Lady's Book above comparison. Strictly American in its tone, foreign trumpery and folly find little sympathy in its admirable pages.—*American, Waterbury.*

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The most splendid of all magazines, Godey's Lady's Book, is lying on our table.—*Gazette, Jackson.*

For Three Dollars—The Lady's Book will be sent one year, also The Lady's Dollar Newspaper one year. Two copies without the paper $5. Single No. 25 cents. Postage to be paid on all orders.

Address L. A. GODEY,
sep 30-1t Philadelphia.

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CHARLES OAKFORD,

No. 104 CHESNUT STREET, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite attention to his superior style of Hats for autumn, 1848, which will be found the most perfect ever before offered to the community. Its peculiar forms renders it the more desirable, as it combines all the essentials of durability and neatness, requisite in that article of dress, whilst his increased facilities in manufacturing, with all the modern improvements, enables him TO CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better Hat.

CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS AND CAPS OF THE LATEST MODE.—These goods have been selected with great care, and will be found most beautiful and chaste in their styles.

LADIES' RIDING HATS AND CAPS OF ENTIRELY NEW PATTERNS.—Great care has been bestowed in constructing these articles, that they may fit perfectly easy, and form a graceful appearance.

mar 4-1y CHARLES OAKFORD,
104 Chesnut street, a few doors above Third, Phila.

FURS.
RICH FANCY FURS FOR LADIES' WEAR.
CHARLES OAKFORD, FURRIER.
No. 104 CHESNUT ST.

A FEW DOORS ABOVE THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, would invite the ladies to call and examine his superior stock of Muffs, Boas, Tippets, &c., of every variety, consisting of Rich Russia Sable, Hudson's Bay Martin, Norway Martin, Mink Sables, Baum Martin, Stone Martin, Ermine, Fitch, Lynx, &c., &c. These skins have been selected with great care, and are made by the best workmen in the country. Ladies may rest assured that no article will be offered for sale in this establishment that is not perfect in every respect. CHARLES OAKFORD,

104 Chesnut street, a few doors above Third, Philadelphia. sep 23-tf

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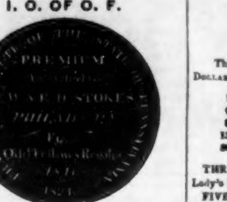

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FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS,

WOULD call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. sep30 tf

J. W. & E. D. Stokes have also on hand a large and well selected stock of superior cloths, cassimeres and vestings suited to the season, which will be made up to order in the most fashionable styles. The attention of the citizens of Philadelphia, and of merchants and others visiting Philadelphia, is respectfully called to their assortment, as they feel confident they can give satisfaction to those who may favor them with a visit

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO A READING PUBLIC!

SARTAIN'S
UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

The undersigned, having purchased the subscription list and good will of the *UNION MAGAZINE* of New York, purpose removing the Office of Publication to Philadelphia, and commencing with the number for January, 1849, under the title of

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

This Magazine was begun in July, 1847, and during the brief period of its existence, has risen so rapidly in public favor, as to already have become a firmly established

RIVAL OF THE OLDER MONTHLY PERIODICALS.

Notwithstanding its success under the management of its present able Editor, its future publishers feel confident of making it far more desirable still, by the intended improvements which their superior facilities will enable them to command. Besides the varied and occasional embellishments, the work will contain, every month,

TWO HIGHLY-FINISHED MEZZOTINTO STEEL PLATES,

from pictures of the highest merit, engraved by J. Sartain, under whose exclusive control the selection and management of the Pictorial Department will be. His partner in this enterprise has been many years connected with the oldest Weekly and Monthly publishing establishments in the country; so that with their united experience and earnest effort, added to a

LIBERAL & JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE,

They feel assured of being able to cater successfully and to the satisfaction of a discriminating public, and of producing a *Magazine of real intrinsic value, Surpassing any Periodical of the class now issued from the American Press.*

Their aim will be to furnish a Monthly miscellany, that is not only lively and entertaining, but useful and instructive; in which

DOMESTIC HOME TALES & SKETCHES,

Calculated to elevate the moral and intellectual faculties, shall be substituted for the namby-pamby articles which occupy so large a space in the popular periodicals of the day. In short,—the pages of SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE will be such as *no parent will hesitate to place in the hands of a rising family*; while in the quality and character of the embellishments, it will be made to DISTANCE ALL COMPETITION. It will be emphatically a *FAMILY MAGAZINE*, and of the most attractive form.

The contents of each number will be original, and consist of articles in prose and verse, by

AUTHORS OF ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.

The Critical Department will be conducted with the greatest care and impartiality; and while personality and needless satire will be sedulously avoided, opinions of merit or demerit will be candidly and fearlessly expressed. There will be also a monthly record of all that is interesting to lovers of the Fine Arts respecting the progress of Art and Artists throughout the country.

The utmost pains will be bestowed on the engravings, not only to furnish plates executed with care and skill, but in the selection of subjects, to adopt such as from their dignity and importance command attention, or from their beauty and artistic excellence, attract and charm. They will consist of transcripts, among others, of

HISTORICAL OR SCRIPTURAL PICTURES

of unquestionable merit, or of original paintings by CELEBRATED AMERICAN PAINTERS, and occasionally of compositions by the best artists, made expressly for the work. Portraits of remarkable or eminent persons will also add to the interest and variety of the series, together with free and spirited illustrative etchings. In the *COSTUME DEPARTMENT*, (which now appears to have become an indispensable adjunct to a Monthly Magazine,) we shall present

COLORED PLATES of the SPRING, SUMMER, FALL and WINTER FASHIONS,

in a style no way inferior to anything of the kind now published.

In conclusion, we beg leave to state, that every promise made will be faithfully and literally fulfilled, (which those accustomed to compare the performances with the promises of Magazine publishers will hardly expect,)—that the first number of a volume will be found to be always a fair specimen of every other that is to follow, except in its possessing a beautifully engraved Title Page.

THE LOWEST TERMS FOR 1849.

☞ The money always to accompany the order, and postage paid. ☜

Single Copies,	$3 00	Eight Copies,	$15 00
Two "	5 00	Eleven, "	20 00
Five "	10 00		

And a copy gratis to the postmaster or other person forming a club of eleven.

As the Publishers are desirous of ascertaining, at an early day, what will be the probable list for the January number, which will be issued early in December,—they offer as

PREMIUMS,

To those sending in their names and money on or before the 1st of December next, either of the following large Engravings, the price of each of which alone is $3.00,—viz:

A LARGE WHOLE LENGTH PORTRAIT OF GEN. Z. TAYLOR,

Represented resting on his War Horse, Old Whitey. Engraved on steel, in Mezzotinto, by J. Sartain, from Daguerreotypes taken from life expressly for this plate. Size of the work, exclusive of the margin, 21 by 16 inches.

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Including Gen. Washington, Lady Washington, Eleanor Parke Custis, George Washington Parke Custis, and Washington's favorite Servant, engraving in Mezzotinto, on steel, by J. Sartain, from the original by Savage. Size, exclusive of margin, 24 by 18 inches.

These Premiums are not from old worn-out Magazine plates, but are quite fresh and new. The latter has not yet had the first impression printed from it, and the former has not been completed many weeks. Both are splendid Parlor Ornaments, and have been engraved at an expense of more than $1,000. Either of these are offered to those sending single subscribers, as well as Clubs, if in accordance with the above terms, and sent prior to the 1st of December. They will be sent perfectly safe through the mail, on card rollers, at a trifling expense. sep30-tf

Address, JOHN SARTAIN & CO.,
Third Street, opposite Merchant's Exchange, Phila.

T. S. ARTHUR'S NEW WORK AGNES; OR, THE POSSESSED. A REVELATION OF MESMERISM. By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Love in a Cottage," "Lucy Sandford, a Story of the Heart," "Insubordination; or, the Shoemaker's Daughters," is this day published in one fine Octavo Volume, neatly done up in a strong paper cover. Price 25 cents, or five copies for One Dollar. They will be sent to any place by return of mail, on remitting the amount for them to the publisher, in a letter, post-paid. Published and for sale by

T. B. PETERSON,
sep 30-3t. NO. 98 CHESNUT ST., PHILA.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE of MEDICINE, No. 42 South FIFTH, South of Walnut Street.—The regular Winter Course of instruction will be commenced on Wednesday, November 1st, 1848, and be continued for four months. A preliminary series of Lectures, including the consideration of some of the most important topics in Medicine, will be given during the month of October, commencing on Monday, October 2d, by the following faculty:

Anatomy, JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., S. R. McCLINTOCK, M. D., Adj. Prof.

Materia Medica and Therapeutics, JESSE R. BURDEN, M. D.

Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence, HENRY GIBBONS, M. D.

Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children, CHAS. A. SAVORY, M. D.

Chemistry, A. L. KENNEDY, M. D.

Surgery, JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D.

Comparative Anatomy, M. W. DICKERSON, M. D.

Theory and Practice, (This chair will be filled in a few days.)

Prosector of Surgery, RICHARD BURR, M. D.

Fee for the full Course,	$64 00
Matriculation Fee, only once paid,	5 00
Graduation,	30 00
Fee for those who have attended two full Courses in other Colleges,	45 00
Dissecting ticket, (optional,)	10 00
Perpetual Ticket,	150 00

The fee for the respective tickets may be paid to each member of Faculty, or the whole amount may be paid to the Dean, who will issue a certificate which will entitle the student to the ticket of each Professor.

To increase the means of acquiring a practical knowledge of the profession, full Course candidates for graduation will be furnished with the Hospital ticket without charge; in addition to which Clinical instruction will be given at the College from one to two o'clock on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Fall Course of dissections will be commenced on the 25th of September, and continued until the 31st of October, 1848—Fee $5. The Winter Course will begin on the 1st of November, and continue four months—Fee $10. Those who take the Winter ticket will be furnished with that for the Fall Course free of expense.

For further information enquire of

sep 16-3t JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D. Dean, No. 1 N. Eleventh St., east side, first house North of Market St. Philadelphia, Sept. 4, 1848.

STOVES, STOVES.—The subscriber offers for sale a large and complete assortment of STOVES for Cooking or Heating. Among the Cook Stoves will be found the Genuine Knickerbock Stove, (for sale at no other store in the city,) which has been so much approved of by housekeepers for its great utility. Also, a great variety of other Cook Stoves for wood or coal. Stoves for Churches, stores, parlors, &c. Warm Air Furnaces for dwellings, &c., constructed on a new plan. Old Iron Stoves taken in exchange.

JOSIAH EISENBROCK,
sep16-3m No. 467 Market St. below 13th.

THE CHEAP BOOKSTORE.

DANIELS & SMITH, *N. W. Corner of Sixth and Arch Sts., Philada.*, keep constantly for sale one of the most extensive assortments of *useful Books* in the city, and they buy most of their stock at auction. They sell a *great number* of Books at *Half Price*, and *all below the "Regular Prices."* Our stock is composed of Old and New Books in Theology, (which department receives particular attention and embraces many rare works,) History, Biography, Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural Science, Poetry, Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, Travel, Political Science, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, (with Instruments,) &c., &c., &c., including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Italian Books, together with a very complete assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONARY at prices which never fail to give satisfaction to TEACHERS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Small Profits and Cash Sales is our motto. [m11-1y

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☞ Books imported to order from London and Paris.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 87 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Streets, Philadelphia. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

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Successors to ANDREW E. CHAMBERS.
nov 13-1y

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.
A MAMMOTH PAPER.

This paper contains from one-fourth to one-half more than the generality of Two Dollar Weeklies. The terms are as follows:

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THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

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TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 250 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a notice of the enlarged paper (we ask not that it shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the firm.

SLOAN'S EAGLE HALL OF FASHION, No. 274 *Market Street, above Eighth St., Philada.*

THE subscriber calls the attention of his friends and the public, to his large and well selected stock of FASHIONABLE READY-MADE FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

I am determined to give satisfaction to all by selling good articles, as well made and as cheap as can be bought in Philadelphia. I therefore invite the people of the country, visiting the city, to give me a call, for which I will not charge any thing, but thank them, whether they purchase or not. I am still sincerely thankful for the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed, and most earnestly solicit a continuance of the same. As I intend to keep constantly on hand every thing in the Clothing line, and at such prices as shall defy competition, I hope by strict attention to business, to meet the views and reasonable wishes of my friends and the public generally. Garments made and trimmed as usual in the best manner at reduced prices. sep23-3m

Please don't forget Eagle Hall of Fashion, 274 Market Street above 8th. JOHN F. SLOAN.

IMPROVEMENT IN WARMING AND VENTILATING HOUSES.—B. M. FELTWELL, late Lloyd & Feltwell, No. 486 Market street, (Girard Stores) between 11th and 12th, is agent for the celebrated Culver Cast Iron Furnaces.

He manufactures also, and has constantly for sale, Cooking Ranges, Bath Boilers, Summer Ovens, Grates and Stoves.

Also, Furnaces of different kinds, Registers and Ventilators of the newest and best patterns. Cast Iron Gas or Smoke Pipe, with a large assortment of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, all warranted to be of the best material, well made, and to meet the purposes they are intended for. B. M. FELTWELL,

jy29-3m Late Lloyd & Feltwell, 486 Market street.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUPERIOR assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

Watches	Gold Lever, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, from	$35.00 to 100.00
	" Lepine " from	25.00 to 40.00
	Silver Levers, " from	17.00 to 35.00
	Plain and Lepine, " from	6.00 to 14.00

Jewelry of his own manufacture, of every variety, and fine Gold Pencils from $1.25 to 12.00. Gold Pens from $1.00 upwards. Gold Chains, Bracelets, Pins, Rings, Miniature-frames, &c., of the finest quality and lowest prices.

Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this article—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4.50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made expressly of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britannia Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish. S. M. HOPPER,

No. 66 Chesnut street, between Second
june 3-1y and Third, (south side) Phila.

CAUTION.

THE GREAT CELEBRITY WHICH MY Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative has acquired in Philadelphia, and throughout the United States, and the great demand that I have for the article, have prompted some unprincipled persons to get up an article of the same name, and in every outward appearance perfectly similar. The label is a perfect fac simile of my own. The subscriber would be above noticing such baseness, but is obliged to do so to put his customers upon their guard, as the whole style of the article is well calculated to deceive. Be careful to look that the NAME OF JULES HAUEL be on the label

JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

☞ WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING!—Unrivalled dark, lovely and beautiful hair is produced by the use of that popular preparation, known as JULES HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRAL RESTORATIVE.

No one will use any other after once using this delightful article. It is pronounced to be a prodigy in chemistry. It cleans the hair, renders it beautifully bright, smooth and glossy, and restores the hair where it has fallen off from disease, and in these desirable effects it has *never failed to give satisfaction.*

Its effects are perfectly astonishing—its results are certain. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

jy22-1y JULES HAUEL, Perfumer and Chemist, 120 Chesnut street, 4th door below Fourth, south side.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and sometimes upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all able a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes soreness in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease CONSUMPTION,—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from this irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.

JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored fæces. It arises from various causes, anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface; in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.

THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface; by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.

DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are *nausea, heart burn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c.* The sympathetic affections are very diversified.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*

All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as ASTHMA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, FLATULENCE OR PULMONARY DISEASES arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulant, all of which are mere palatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.

The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.

These "Bitters" *will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and prevent frightful dreams*—they are *Entirely Vegetable*, and their power over diseases in the *Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory, and Nervous Systems*, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skilful physicians had failed.

All can be cured who will use them as directed, it within the power of medicine.

These "Bitters," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of *Inward Piles*; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at the principal depot, GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 278 RACE STREET, one door above Eighth, *Philadelphia*, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States.

☞ *They will keep in any climate.* may6-1y

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STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
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Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	16 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,	11 "
Silver Quartier Watches,	$5 to 10
Gold Pencils,	$1 50 to $7 00
Fine Gold Rings,	37½ cents to $80

Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $5, Dessert $10, Table $15.

Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.

Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. J. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuell & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.

Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested. O. CONRAD,

No. 96 North SECOND Street,
ap 15-6m Importer of Watches.

TYPE FOR SALE.

ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.

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THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of Isaac Pugh & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and prices, both foreign and domestic.

It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say we consider our papers equal to any made in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.

HART, MONTGOMERY & Co.,
aug5-6m No. 118 Chesnut street.

ALMANACS! ALMANACS! ALMANACS!—DR. D. JAYNE would hereby inform the public and MERCHANTS AND STORE-KEEPERS in particular, that he publishes annually, for gratuitous distribution, by himself and all his Agents, an Almanac, called JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH. The calculations for this Almanac are made with great care and accuracy, and for two different Latitudes and Longitudes, so as to make them equally useful as a Calendar in every part of the United States and British North America. They are printed on good paper, and with handsome new type, and are neatly bound, and besides being the neatest and most accurate Calendar printed in the United States, they contain a large amount of valuable information, suited to the wants of all, and of that kind too, which cannot be found in books. His catalogue of diseases, with remarks and directions for their removal is really invaluable, and make them welcome visitors in every house they enter. Every family should possess at least one of these Annuals. One million of his Almanacs for 1848 have been published and distributed. His Almanac for 1849 is now ready for distribution, of which he designs to publish at least

TWO MILLIONS,

and in order that every family in the United States and British America, may be furnished with a copy, he hereby invites MERCHANTS and STOREKEEPERS to forward their orders to him as early as possible and they shall be supplied GRATUITOUSLY, with as many copies as they may deem necessary to supply their customers. They are also invited, at the same time, to send a copy of their "BUSINESS CARD," which will be printed and placed on the covers of the Almanacs sent them, also *without charge.*

Orders (post-paid) directed to DR. D. JAYNE, Philada, will meet with prompt attention. jy 8-3m

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the *country*. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

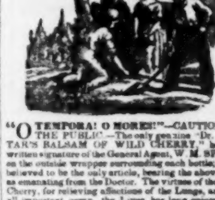
Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y

N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

OLD FRANKLIN HALL.—We know of no better way of benefitting our numerous subscribers than by calling their attention to the CHEAP and mammoth stock of CLOTHING at No. 100 Chesnut street corner of Franklin Place. This very large stock consists of every style and quality, while the prices are far below those of any other store in the city. Their motto is quick sales and small profits. By this means they have outstripped all others in the quantity of Clothing they have sold, if you wish to purchase Clothing good and cheap, do not neglect calling at

ROCKHILL & WILSON'S
No. 100 Chesnut St., corner of Franklin Place.

N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine. ap 29-1y



"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle; this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.

City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.

W. M. Spear.

Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D., 1847.

[L. S.] John Swift, Mayor.

A copyright of the Balsam is secured.

Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, (said individual claiming the right.) Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.

The Balsam is not one of the quack nostrums of the day, claiming to cure persons whose cases are beyond the reach of medicine; for restoring others to life; it only claims, and has proved in thousands of cases, to be the first, most efficacious, and only genuine preparation of Wild Cherry of the nineteenth century, for affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, frequently terminating in Consumption, ever offered to the public.

A liberal discount to Druggists and Country Dealers.

Look well to the marks of the genuine.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I have this day appointed T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 132 North Second St., Philadelphia, Wholesale Furnishing Agents, for the (only genuine) *DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY*, for the following States, viz.: New York, New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

Also, for the interior of Pennsylvania. All orders for the Balsam will hereafter be addressed to them.

Also for sale, wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM M. SPEAR, No. 146 VINE Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. General Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, for the (only genuine) Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

WM. M. SPEAR.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1848.

AGENTS.

CUTHBERT & WETHERILL, 76 South Second Street.
WETHERILL & BROTHERS, S. E. corner of Front and Arch Streets.
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Selected Poetry.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

Behold!
How short a span
Was long enough of old,
To measure out the life of man!
In those well-tempered days, his time was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

Alas!
And what is that?
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run,
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task is done.

Our days
Begun, we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end:
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give
To unrecovered loss—we rather breathe than live.

We spend
A ten years' breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death;
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys
Which please our sense awhile, and waking, prove but toys.

How vain,
How wretched, is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short, at longest; few, at most;
They are but bad, at best; yet lavished out, or lost.

They be
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings:
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a death.

How soon
Our new born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to gray-haired night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end
When scarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done.
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

Thoughts for Parents

EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

From an admirably written medical work recently published by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, of this city—being a Series of Letters on Females and their Diseases, addressed to his Class by Charles D. Meigs, M. D., Professor in the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, &c., &c.—we take the following conversation between a physician and a young girl and her mother. In this piquant and interesting conversation, the learned and judicious Doctor gives his opinions upon the "forcing system" of education now too much in vogue, and explains the causes of much of the weakness and ill-health in both young girls and women that we see around us. As this is a matter which comes home to every parent's "business and bosom"—using the word *business* in its highest sense—we hope Dr. Meigs's views will receive what they merit, an attentive perusal and consideration.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*

CONVERSATION.

"What is your age, child?"

"Fourteen years, sir."

"Are you sick?"

"No, sir. They say I'm sick, but I don't feel so."

"Have you ever been sick?"

"Yes, I had measles, and scarlet fever, and whooping cough, but that was a long time ago. I have also had some bad colds, occasionally."

"Do you feel strong and healthy?"

"No, not very; but I'm not sick though."

"Are you as fat as ever you were, or are you thinner than you used to be?"

"Why, I am thinner, I suppose, but not much."

"Do you go to school?"

"Oh, yes, I go to —— ——'s school."

"When does school let in?"

"Eight o'clock in the morning."

"How long before it lets out?"

"Half-past one."

"That's five hours—a long session! but what do you do all that time?"

"I am studying my lessons and reciting them."

"What lessons? What is your daily work in school? Tell me all about it! Tell me the whole course of a day's schooling?"

"Why, when we assemble, we have prayers, then a chapter in the Bible, then a hymn, and close with a short prayer; after which I recite my lesson in spelling, then English grammar, and next, one in geography."

"Why, when do you get all those lessons?"

"In the evenings, at home."

"Do they keep you late up?"

"Until nine or ten o'clock, only."

"Well, what comes after geography?"

"Oh! I write copies, and then study my Latin grammar. When I've got the lesson I conjugate the verb, and decline a few nouns and recite some rules."

"What next?"

"I study fifteen or twenty lines in Virgil, which I construe for the teacher."

"Does he make you parse it and scan it?"

"Oh, yes sir, to be sure, always."

"Have you any other studies?"

"Yes, sir, French."

"And you commit to memory in French, too?"

"Yes, and read, and translate, and write exercises."

"Anything more?"

"Algebra."

"What, algebra? Oh!"

"Oh, yes sir. And then we have lessons in drawing."

"What do you draw?"

"Landscapes, maps, &c., &c., as figures, flowers, and what not."

"Any music?"

"I have a lesson on the piano three times a week; but mother makes me practise two hours every day, one before I go to school and one in the evening."

"My poor child, I am sorry for you."

"Why are you sorry for me, doctor?"

"I am sorry to find that you work so hard."

"Oh, no, sir, I am delighted with it."

"No doubt! no doubt! but it will ruin your health. I don't believe there is anything the matter with you now but schooling. Bless your dear little heart, you ought to be chasing butterflies, or training flowers, or weaving them into pretty coronals, such as white morning glories, pale as yourself; or you should be dressing dolls, or galloping the pony, or dancing, or dawdling. You must not do so much work at school, and you shall not, if I can prevent it. But come, tell me about your health. Do you walk out to Schuylkill every day? or as far as the College?"

"Oh, no, I've no time! Didn't I tell you I go to school at eight o'clock and come out at one? and then I have two hours in school afternoons."

"The d—l you have?"

"What do you say, doctor?"

"Nothing, only an ejaculation; an extorted one. When do you get to bed, my dear?"

"About ten o'clock, or soon after ten."

"Do you sleep soundly?"

"Not always, I often get frightened in my sleep with what they call nightmare."

"Not to be wondered at. I should think your poor little head would be too tired to sleep soundly, and that you would have a nightmare in the shape of a monstrous folio grammar, or dictionary with a pair of spectacles as big as two moons on its nose, staring at you from a pair of dead looking eyes. Do you eat hearty breakfasts?"

"No, doctor, I have but little appetite for breakfast. I take some cold water and a slice of bread and butter, and make haste to school after my piano practice, for I am so tired in the morning that I can hardly get up, and that keeps me late."

"How's your dinner?"

"Oh, I like pies and preserves, but I can't bear meat, and as for soup, I hate it."

"Oh, dear! poor child! Alas for you! Come here, sit by me, and let me feel your pulse. Don't be frightened. There, now. Your pulse beats eighty times a minute; and you are fourteen years old you said. You are breathing twenty times a minute. Are you oppressed in breathing?"

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"I mean to ask if you can draw a great long breath. So—try it now."

"Why, it hurts me."

"Where does it hurt you?"

"Nowhere in particular; it is rather disagreeable than painful. It seems like weakness and a tired feeling."

"It does not make you cough, does it?"

"No, doctor."

"Have you headache often?"

"Oh, yes, my head always aches when I wake in the morning; and if I run, or skip the rope, it aches, and swims, and beats dreadfully."

"I should think so. When a body is pale like you, any exercise makes the head beat and ache. Do you remember ever to have had red cheeks?"

"Oh, yes, doctor. My cheeks, when I was ten years old, were as red as the inside of a conch shell."

"Have you grown much of late?"

"Oh, monstrously; I have grown half a head taller in eighteen months."

"Where's your mamma?"

"She's opposite."

"Go, call her to me. You need not come back yourself. I shall send for you when I want you."

"Pray, madam," said I to Mrs. ———, "what do you suppose ails Miss Mary?"

"I can't imagine what it is that has changed her so, doctor. She used to be the healthiest child in the house, merry as a grig, always singing and dancing; but now she is dull and moping, and has grown pale and thin, and has no natural relish for food. I suppose it is a change working in her. Don't you think so, doctor? She is fourteen?"

"I cannot tell. It is probable that her constitution is making an effort in that way; but I wished to ask you some questions that I did not like to address to the child herself. Can you tell me what is the state of her digestion?"

"As to that, she is very irregular, sometimes costive and then again very much the reverse, and that without any evident cause for it. I suppose it may be owing to her living, for I can't get her to eat any good food. She likes nothing but cakes and sweetmeats, candies, and all such trashy food."

"Is there any change in her temper?"

"Yes, doctor. She is more irritable and cross than is her nature to be, and she is easily put out; the least thing makes her cry. Indeed, we find her very much changed of late."

* * * * * * *

"We are very much concerned about her, for we find she is growing pale, thin, and languid, and cannot be persuaded to walk out, nor does she like to go out in the carriage. Nothing pleases her so much as books. If you give her a book and a sofa she is perfectly satisfied. But I fear she reads too much, and that her lessons are exhausting her."

"My dear madam, I think if I might venture to speak Latin, I should say rem acu tetigisti—you have hit the nail on the head; and I am much afraid you will destroy her health unless you make some change in her mode of education."

"But, doctor, that is very difficult. You know that schools are managed by classes, and that we must educate our daughters; they must be with their classes, you know. They cannot be always put back; it disheartens them. What is one to do in such a case? You wouldn't have her brought up in ignorance, would you?"

"No, certainly, not in ignorance, but I should much prefer to have a daughter healthy, sweet tempered, sensible, and beautiful, without Latin and algebra, and grammar, than to have one ever so advanced in her humanities, with her health ruined, or, perhaps, lying under a marble urn at Laurel Hill."

"Why, doctor, you shock me."

"I intend to shock you, madam! I know what love you bear to this dear child. I am aware that her great beauty and intelligence, and sweetness of temper render her not only your admiration, but that also, of all your friends, and I am grieved to see that, in the impetuous hurry and press of her intellectual and moral education, you have wholly lost sight of a part of her education, without which the others are of no value, of no effect, but rather poisons, that destroy. I wish to shock you; I wish you to learn that unless you change the treatment, you will lose her. She will die, madam!"

"Are you serious, sir?"

"Serious, dear madam? Serious! I am more than serious, I am grieved. I saw a sweet creature within a year, an only daughter, an only child, indeed, worth to her parents more than a chrysolite as big as herself, done to death by mere schooling. Why, can you not perceive that if this child of yours had nothing to do but grow and enjoy herself, she would be as beautiful as a houri, instead of breaking one's heart, as she does now, with that painful conviction of uncertain health, that is inseparable from a look at her."

"What are we to do, then, sir?"

"Do! dear madam? What are you to do? Educate her as a sensible woman would educate her daughter."

"But every body insists on her learning all those things? All the girls learn Latin now."

"I tell you that to rack her little brain learning Latin is nonsense. She can't learn it, in the first place. She can only try till it makes her sick, and then she'll give it up. Tell me, now, who of all the women in America or England have *learned* Latin! Nobody. Madam Dacier learned Latin I grant you, but she would have been much better employed learning to make puddings and to keep house."

"Ah, doctor! that's the way you men all talk; you think that women are inferior creatures, and that they cannot learn what is very essential to the education of every gentleman."

"Far from it. Instead of thinking that women are inferior creatures, I for one look upon them as infinitely superior in many respects of their understanding, and altogether in morals, to men. But their lot is cast for them; men did not make it; God made it. They cannot, in the present state of the world, and probably never will, participate in the affairs of nations or municipalities, because, by the very nature of their moral and physical constitution, they are bound to the horns of the family altar; if they let go, they soon become captive to some tipstaff of an Asmodeus or other evil spirit, who, like constables and tipstaves from the lower world, are wandering up and down in the earth, seeking whom they may devour among unemployed ladies. I do not believe that women are inferior beings. I regard them on the contrary as the ministering angels of the race; as the source of happiness and virtue, as well as its reward. But in order to be educated it is surely not necessary to have a smattering of Latin and Greek. What is it to Mary that Horace or Virgil wrote their verses, or Tacitus his annals, or Terence his Comedies? She can read Pliny's letters better in Melmoth than in Pliny, for Melmoth is a better writer than his author; and as for Tacitus and Virgil, Davidson and Murphy will not rack her brain like the Arma virumque cano, or the Urbem Romam a principio reges habuere. Mary wants to grow—she wants to grow up to be a woman—not to peer into the amatory elegies of Tibullus and Catullus, or pry into the detestable stories of Apuleius the Madauran. What does she want with algebra? Shall she rival Leverrier or Arago? The only arithmetical calculation she requires is the relation between one dozen eggs at twelve and a half cents, and three dozen eggs at the same rate; and the unknown quantity she ought to look for is, the proper gentleman whom the fates and sisters three have in store for her as her future lover. Ah, madam, the ancient literature was much of it lost at Alexandria, and if that blessed St. Omar, who burned it nearly all up, had been lucky enough to get all the Latin school books into the bargain under the baths,—I can't say I should be glad for my own particular sake, for I should not; but I am very sure the whole rising generation would be glad to contribute all their coppers and ten cent pieces to make a statue for the shrewd Caliph. The labor of life is a great labor and a long one, but there is no toil like that of an over-tasked schoolboy or schoolgirl. As for your child it is true she ought to be educated, but let her education fit her for her duties in life, not destroy her health and beauty. Lady Jane Gray and Queen Elizabeth could read Latin, but they had a different destiny from that of a republican's daughter. Let those who are likely to use to advantage the more elaborate parts of early instruction, let them have it, but do not kill them to get it. Ignorance is always to be eschewed—but if I was destined to be a doctor, what use was there in making me study logarithms or lunar distances, or compute the orbit of a comet? I was brought up to my trade—let Mary be brought up to her trade. What is that? It is taking care of a family—wisely, happily, elegantly; to do that, let her learn the world and the ways of it—not too much, though. Educate her in truth and the love of it—in piety which is the best grace of the sex. Teach her administration — domestic administration. Teach her to have a place for every thing—and to put every thing in its place. Make her an economist—not a miser. Teach her to be saving. Do not impress upon her the scoundrel maxim, as Thomson calls it,

"A penny saved is a penny got;
Till from her hoard it drive both plate and pot."

Teach her the great virtues cleanliness and tidiness; improve her natural propensity to adorn her person under subjection to the *simplex munditiis* rule. Let her make herself beautiful and pleasing. Of all things let her be charitable and kind —for charity overcometh all things. Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Colonel Benton and Mr. Calhoun will take care of the politics; General Scott and General Taylor will take care of the soldiers; let the daughters take care of the children, and learn to be bright at the breakfast table, elegant at dinner, enchanting as pourers out of tea, and the ornaments and grace of the saloon."

"Ah, doctor! I see how it is; you pretend to be a great admirer of the sex—but, like all the rest, you would condemn them to an inferior place."

"I!—I condemn them to a lower grade of rank in the body social? Not I. I am a convert to Burdach's views. I see in them *the race*, and we men but the supplements. They are the queens in the hive—we but a sort of mixed medley of drones and workers. It is far more noble, in my opinion, and far more elevated, to shed the benign influences that ever flow from the reign and dominion of a fine woman over the family and throughout the circle of society to which they extend, than to shatter men, women and children, and churches by shelling the enemy out of Vera Cruz, or giving them 'a little more grape' at Buena Vista. No, madam, I do not disparage the sex by confining them to the domestic duties, but I rather magnify them and make them honorable. But let us change the subject, or rather let us return to our subject, which is Miss Mary's health, and the conduct of it."

"Well, what must we do, doctor?"

"It is now the end of June. The heats of summer are come, and the dog-days will soon be here. It ought to be a general holiday. Take Mary to the mountains or to the shore. If you take her to the mountains it is well, if to the shore it is perhaps as well. Among the mountains she will walk on uneven places, up hill and down. The air is pure, the streams clear and rapid, and there is no malaria; walking among hills is admirable exercise; it compels the blood to reach the most distant points of the circulation, and drives it from the deepest recesses of the body. It augments the development power *pari passu* with the invigoration of the appetite and digestion. There is shade in the deep valleys and dark ravines, and to walk by the side of rushing waters, and listen to the plash of their falls, imparts a delicious calm to the soul, while the physical powers, as in a sort of waking sleep, seize the opportunity to renew and restore their wasted strength.

"Take her to the shore. There you have the benefit of the breeze from the sea, and the ever varying spectacle of the ocean's surface presenting ever new and pleasing sources of emotion. The sounding strand, the leap of the breaker, the ebbing and flowing roll of the waves on the sands; ships heaving in sight and slowly disappearing; company, conversation, music, the dance, and above all the bathing in the animating surf, present combined means of increasing the health and spirits, that are, perhaps, not certainly, equal to those derived from a visit to the mountains.

"If you take her to the hills, let her walk, as much as you dare—at least six miles daily, and if the country is very hilly, that is more than equivalent to a walk of eight or ten miles on level roads.

"If she goes to the shore, be careful not to allow her to bathe too much, surely not more than once a day; nor too long, not more than fifteen or twenty minutes each time. I am quite confident that those who stay very long in the water are weakened by it. They generally come away from the coast thinner, and shrunken, and lighter than when they go there.

"The sea bath has great power on the body by its saline nature, which is stimulating to the whole skin; by the motion and effort that those use who bathe in a strong surf; by the delight which the dash of the wave communicates, and by the gaiety and joyous feeling engendered by the company of the bathers.

"If she remain very long in the water, her hands and feet will be shrivelled or puckered when she comes out, and it will be after a long time and with considerable effort that the blood will again reach to, and distend the tissues on the surface, and the most distant parts of the limbs. In order to receive any benefit from the bath, there ought to be some degree of such a reaction, but it is well nigh morbid, when it comes too slowly. A person coming from the bath and remaining cold, or even quite cool, for half an hour, has been in it too long. Many persons suffer from the bath such a concentration of the blood in the great cavities, as the chest, and head, that they find themselves oppressed in breathing, or giddy and affected with headache, upon leaving the water. I have seen many such coming from the bath unable to see, and with intense cephalalgia, and only relieved by the act of vomiting; all which was dependent on the rushing of the blood to the brain, where it had been driven by the cold water from the extremities and the skin.

"Take care of Mary's diet.

"Let her eat beef, mutton, or poultry, once a day, don't give her the sort of vegetables so correctly denominated in this country, trash. Indeed you ought to give her her eatables with one sole view—that is, to nourish her, to make her grow—to make her stronger and healthier. Don't allow her to swallow a morsel, merely because it tastes good. It would not be amiss in educating her, to educate her palate. I wish you would buy her a copy of Brillat Savarin's *Physiologie du Gout*; it would do her more good, and make a better woman and wife of her than Massillon, or even Telemaque, or Paul and Virginia, for it would teach her what every woman ought to be taught, the difference between an elegant gastronomic taste, and that horror of horrors, foul-feeding in a lady. Only think! only think of a lady eating tripe—or devouring fried haslet!! It is surely but one step above the dinners of the Bosjesman's. Take care of her dress; when the weather is hot, don't heat her; when it is cool, or cold, don't let her be chilly for want of a flannel petticoat, or a mousseline de laine, instead of a gingham, or fine print.

* * * * * * *

"Don't suffer her to be violently excited; take every precaution to keep the mind not stupefied, certainly, but in a calm and complacent mood—rather gay than grave.

"Examine her books before you let her read them. Keep out of her hands the Paul Cliffords and Ernest Maltravers, and all that sort of passionate novel reading. Walter Scott will never do her any harm. On the contrary, he is always on the side of virtue, decency and order; his passions are not very passionate, except perhaps, Dirck Hatteraick's case, and he was a mere brute.

* * * * * * *

"It is surely practicable, while her mind is evolving itself, to educate it and cause it to develope itself in a particular direction. You do not deny that she might be educated to become a devoted sister of charity, a calm, unimpassioned country girl, or a fantastic, uncontrolled opera dancer.

"If you educate her for the persistent zeal of the conventual life, for the dull complacency of the farm life, or the excitement and passion of the spectacle, do you not modify her whole nervous system by these several modes of education? Is it not true, in morals as in gardening, that 'just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' and is there the shadow of a doubt, that you could so educate your daughter as to make her a pattern for a nun, a milkmaid, or a prima donna?

"If there be no doubt as to the power of the moral educational processes, to give such or such a bias and propensities to the mind, then you ought to consider what is the bias it is for her interest and your own that she should take.

"If you wish her to be beautiful, steady, sensible, useful, and therein admirable, you should take heed to give her all the habits that may conduce to such an end of her physical and moral education. Let her know the history of her race; teach her the lives that she may imitate the example of the most illustrious women, illustrious I mean for virtue; give her a good foundation of geographical and chorographical knowledge. Let her learn the uses of figures. Give her a competent view of chemistry, that she may understand the true nature of the physical things of the globe; a sketch of natural history, I mean not only zoology, but botany ought to be clearly understood by her; the purest and best poets, and writers of criticism.—The use of one or more foreign languages, chiefly French or German, ought to enter into the plan of a lady's education. If she have a positive talent for music, let her be taught the use of some instrument and of her voice; if not, pray don't make her ridiculous by a pretension to musical power she can never possess. Don't teach her the art of squalling. To draw is always a useful accomplishment. But do not let her learn that art by halves; nor not at all if she is without the taste and inclination that alone can give her real success. There is scarcely a more useful point in the ornamental part of education, than the talent of drawing; it serves pre-eminently to render one's ideas of form, dimensions, and distances more perfect.

"As to the religious part of her education, I have no other words to say of it, than that a woman who is impious, is impious indeed.

"I think in this country a woman is not properly marriageable until she is eighteen, and better so at twenty. If, therefore, you commence the literary education in earnest as early as nine or ten years, you have eight or nine years of applicable time to give to the daughter the elements of her education—to give her her school education—by which I mean, the acquisition of a love for letters in a proper direction. To think of any one being *educated* at eighteen is preposterous. All life ought to be a continued scene of education, and the longest life is too short to allow us to do more than 'just to look about us and to die.'

"As to the medical management of the child, I believe that to be a very simple matter. It consists in a wise regulation of her diet, and dress, and in a careful attention to the state of her digestive organs."

* * * * * * *

"Open your senses to the truth, you shall see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, the sound that comes up out of the bosom of nature, proclaiming aloud that every violation of the laws of nature is a wrong. Anybody can perceive that in a highly polished state of society, there are innumerable violations of the dictates of nature, which speak to us constantly, and cry out to us aloud. Numerous diseases are engendered by the constraints and the indulgences of the *bienseances*. Make your child, therefore, as natural a creature as possible in society; that is the way to secure her physical health. Make her also—wise—wise unto the end and destiny of her being. I grant you, that being at Rome, we must, in some degree, behave like the Romans; not wholly so; for we may live in society, and even be regarded as presentable people without becoming victimized, and wholly converted from a natural into an artificial condition, either as to temper, manners, or the tone and practice of truth and sincerity.

"As to rest and labor, as to dieting and dressing, as to amusements and studies, there is a degree and a time which common sense makes clearly known to any one who will reflect.

"The health, the beauty and the happiness may be impaired or perverted, and even destroyed by educational processes wrongly conducted. There is no Procrustean rule by which all capacities are to be measured, and it is the business, and it ought to be the sagacity and the skill of the directors of education to discriminate among the talents, and propensities and abilities of those who are to be brought up. I shall relieve you from this long homily by repeating the words that I heard in the spring of the year 1813, from the lips of our venerable and illustrious medical professor at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Rush. These words were spoken in the ears of several hundreds of his pupils. He rose from his seat, for his age was great, and his hair white as snow. He arose and stood up, and casting his eyes over the large hall, looking to the left, and then to the right, and then to those in front of him, he said, 'I rise from my seat in order to pronounce two words in your hearing; and that you may remember them long and apply them wisely:

OBSTA PRINCIPIIS—OBSTA PRINCIPIIS.

Oppose the very beginnings of disease.' And now I repeat them to you, madam, obsta principiis; oppose the beginnings of disease in the child; watch over her health, and when you see that it is damaged, call the physician, and he will tell you whether you are to do something or nothing. Do not allow her to become slowly and insidiously, and deeply disordered, before you take prudent measures with her."

Wit and Humor.

A HEARTLESS HUSBAND.

Thomas Thompson, a doer of deeds of blood—a butcher—was yesterday summoned before the Recorder, at the instance of his better half, who, if she is to be believed, is no better than she should be. Mr. Thompson was a fat man, with a round shiny face, redolent of rare steaks and bottled porter. Mrs. T. was lean and attenuated—literally a spare rib.

"Well, Mrs. Thompson," said the Recorder, "what is the complaint which you have to prefer against your husband?"

Here the butcher rubbed his hand over his glossy forehead, and looked inquiringly at the Recorder, and vacantly at his wife, as much as to say, "now for it."

"Why, your Honor," said Mrs. Thompson, and she threw back her green veil and fanned herself with her pocket handkerchief as she spoke, "Why, your Honor, his conduct is such that to a sensitive being of my kind it is the blight and mildew of my domestic happiness;—the frost that withers the flower of my felicity."

The Recorder—addressing Mrs. Thompson—"With what particular act or instance of ill-treatment do you charge him?"

Mrs. Thompson—"Why, your Honor, his unkindness is rather of a negative than of an affirmative character. He has no soul—no sentiment.—He can appreciate neither the sublime nor the beautiful. I am, myself, a creature of sentiment —of heart—I am all heart. What, sir, but this ethereal property of our nature, elevates us above the ignoble beings, and places us in communion with all that is bright and beautiful—with the finest creation of the poet's fancy, as well as with nature's sublimest instructions—Oh, sir—"

Recorder—"Madam, you must permit me to interrupt you. While I greatly admire your eloquent pathos, I do not see what possible connection it has with any charge you may have to prefer against your husband."

Here the butcher shook his head approvingly, as much as to say—"I'll be hanged if I do, either."

The Recorder proceeded: "Thus far, madam, you have dealt in generalities—what special charge have you to make?"

Mrs. Thompson—"I charge him with being cold and callous—with being imbued with no sympathy —with, in short, having no heart. I could love any thing having a heart; but Thompson has got no heart, and therefore fails to inspire me with that feeling."

Recorder—"Mr. Thompson may not be blessed with some of the finer mental attributes, but for this he is not amenable to justice, nor punishable at law; and so far as your allegations yet go, I have seen nothing that he has done, of which I can take cognizance. Are you in the habit, Mr. Thompson, of maltreating your wife?"

Mr. Thompson—"Lor bless you, sir, no! My first wife used to say as how I was the kindestest man she ever knowed—my first wife used. She was a affectionate creatur, my first wife; but I'm blamed if I can get the hang of this 'ere 'oman at all. I think there's something wrong in her attic —[and here Mr. Thompson pantomimically pointed the forefinger of his right hand to his forehead.] I had not been married to her more than a week, when she said to me one morning—'Thompson,' says she, 'you haint got no heart.' 'That's a fact,' said I, 'I sold the one I had before I left the market. To-morrow, though, I'll kill a sheep when I'll have another.' She then told me as how I was a vulgar creatur, and she has been telling me the same thing every day since. She is all the time a readin' novels and romances, and the like. The night before last she fell asleep readin' one of those here books, all about sentiment, and let the candle burn the muskitter bar. She is all the time a tellin' me I haint got no heart; but I know better; and my first wife used to tell me that I was the best kind of a 'usband—and so I would be, if Mrs. Thompson would act like a sensible butcher's wife, and leave off her sentimental didoes."

The Recorder said he had listened with great patience to the statements of both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and in neither did he see anything that called for interference on his part. He thought that if Mrs. Thompson dealt a little more in sense and a little less in sentiment, it would tend to an improvement in matters domestic.

The case was then dismissed, and Mrs. Thompson left the office, avowing that Thompson had no heart, that the Recorder had no heart, and that this is a heartless world.—*N. O. Delta.*

TURNIPS AND PHRENOLOGY.

The following is to be found among the anecdotes in the Phrenological and Physiological Almanac for 1849.

In April, 1821, a medical gentleman in Edinburgh, aided by a landscape painter, fashioned a turnip into the *nearest resemblance* to a human skull which their combined skill and ingenuity could produce. They had a cast made from it, and sent it to Mr. G. Combe, requesting his observation on the mental talents and dispositions which it indicated; adding, that it was a cast from the skull of a person of uncommon character. Mr. C. instantly detected the trick, and returned the cast, with the following parody of "The Man of Thessaly," pasted on the coronal surface:

There was a man in Edinburgh,
And he was wondrous wise;
He went into a turnip-field,
And cast about his eyes.

And when he cast his eyes about,
He saw the turnips fine;
"How many heads are there," says he,
"That likeness bear to mine?"

"So very like they are, indeed,
No sage, I'm sure, could know
This turnip-head that I have on
From those that there do grow."

He pull'd a turnip from the ground;
A cast from it was thrown;
He sent it to a Spurzheimite,
And passed it for his own.

And so, indeed, it truly was
His own in every sense;
For Cast and Joke alike were made
All at his own expense.

The medical gentlemen called on Mr. Combe next day, and assured him that he meant no offence and intended only a joke. Mr. C. replied that he treated the matter as such; and that if the author of it was satisfied with his share of the wit, no feeling of uneasiness remained on the other side.

KEEPING UP WITH THE FASHION.

"Ma, can I go and hear the negro serenaders to-night?"

"No, my dear, cannot think of letting you go to such performances."

"Why, Ma, everybody goes to hear them, they sing such comic songs, and tell all sorts of funny stories; you can't help laughing all the time. I do wish you would let me go."

"You must not urge me, Charley, for I cannot throw away money on fellows who go about disguised as Negroes, singing silly songs, that have no tendency, and telling more silly stories that are not calculated to improve the mind, but rather to do hurt. And more than that, I do not believe that any of the better class of society visit the concerts."

"Indeed, Ma, then you are grandly mistaken, for I heard Judge Brown's boys say that they were there with their father and sisters, and I saw Mr. Jones, my Sabbath school teacher, go in last evening; and I was in the store to-day where they sell the tickets, and the minister of the Brook Street Church came in and purchased three or four to take his family."

"Are you sure about all you tell me, Charley?"

"Yes, Ma; and Mr. Smith remarked when he sold the tickets, that the concerts were attended by very fashionable audiences."

"Well, that alters the case some; you may go and tell your sister Angelica to dress for the concert, and I will accompany you; I believe there is nothing but a prayer meeting at our church tonight. We must keep up with the fashion!"

A Yankee's Calculation.—"Well, it's curious how we du git over the ground. Why, the trees all look as if they was a dancin' a jig to double quick time. I kin recollect ten or twelve years ago, that if I started from Bosting on a Wednesday, I cud git in Fildelphy on the next Saturday, makin' jist three days. Now I kin git from Bosting to Fildelphy in one day, and I been calculatin' that if the power of steam increases for the next ten years as it has been doin' for the last ten years, *I'd be in Fildelphy jist two days before I started from Bosting.*"

The Master Nonplussed.—"Sally Jones, have you done that sum I set you?" "No, thir, I can't do it." "Can't do it! I'm ashamed of you. Why, at your age I could do any sum that was set me. I hate that word can't! for there is no sum that can't be done, I tell you." "I think, thir, I know a thom you can't thifer out." "Ha! Well, well, Sally, let's hear it." "It ith this, thir: If one apple caused the ruin of the whole human rath, how many such will it take to make a barrel of thider, thir?" "Miss Sally Jones, you may turn to your parsing lesson." "Yeth, thir."

So-So.—A person meeting a friend, who had lately labored under a fit of the gout, inquired after his health, and was answered,—"So-so." "I am sorry you are no better," replied the gentleman, "for I hoped you had recovered in to-to."

TO MY FATHER.

The following verses have been received by the editor of the "Judson Offering," in New York from "Fanny Forester, now in India":

A welcome for thy child, father,
A welcome give to-day;
Although she may not come to thee
As when she went away;
Though never in her olden nest
Is she to fold her wing,
And live again the days when first
She learned to fly and sing.

Oh, happy were those days, father,
When gathering round thy knee,
Seven sons and daughters called thee sire;—
We come again but three;
The grave has claimed thy loveliest ones,
And sterner things than death
Have left a shadow on thy brow,
A sigh upon thy breath.

And one—one of the three, father,
Now comes to thee to claim
The blessing on another lot,
Upon another name.
Where tropic suns forever burn,
Far over land and wave,
The child whom thou hast loved would make
Her hearthstone and her grave.

Thou'lt never wait again, father,
Thy daughter's coming tread;
She ne'er will see thy face on earth,—
So count her with the dead;
But in the land of life and love,
Not sorrowing as now,
She'll come to thee, and come, perchance,
With jewels on her brow.

Perchance;—I do not know, father,
If any part be given
My erring hand among the guides
Who point the way to Heaven;
But it would be a joy untold
Some erring foot to stay;
Remember this, when gathering round
Ye for the exile pray.

Let nothing here be changed, father,
I would remember all,
Where every ray of sunshine rests,
And where the shadows fall;
And now I go; with faltering foot
I pass the threshold o'er,
And gaze through tears on that dear roof,
My shelter nevermore.

Selected Articles.

THE HONEST LAWYER'S FEE.

It is now five years since the Widow Stiles called on me one morning before breakfast, and asked me to recommend her to some lawyer, as she thought her friend Stubbs was less correct than he might be. I asked her to step into the parlor, and went myself to my breakfast and my wife, whose advice I always asked on such points. We had known Mrs. Stiles many years; her husband was a great land owner in a goodly town of the western country, and with a disinterested love, that deserved some better aim, ever pressed it on his helpmate, as the first-rule of life, to get all she could, and keep all she got. He died, and Mrs. Stiles became more and more religious and alms-giving, but also more and more fond of wealth, and sensible of the admirable advice which her husband had given her.

I stated the facts to my wife, and waited her opinion. "Well, Williams," said she, after drinking a cup of coffee upon my story, "I fear the old lady has some money-getting claim in view; you know she has of late given all her affections to getting more wealth. I would therefore recommend her to the most honest and conscientious lawyer in town, and not to the most acute and thorough one. She relies on your judgment; use it not for her *seeming* but her *real* good."

I counted my legal acquaintances over—twice over, before I hit the one answering to the terms "honest and conscientious," in the sense which I knew Ellen used them: at length I found him, and taking my hat walked with the widow to his office.

We found Mr. Sawyer at his desk: he arose and gave us chairs, and awaited Mrs. Stiles's statement. But before I go on in this point, let me say a few words of this phenomenon: this man with his head under his left arm close to his heart—this honest lawyer, in the broadest, highest sense of the term. He was a man of thirty-five; he had studied law because he liked the study, and began the practice because he had to get a living; and now he continued in the profession, in spite of bad opponents and bad courts—because he thought he had done, and might yet do much good by his labor; not alone by saving the innocent and needy from the strong and cruel, but preventing strife, putting a stop to half knavish practices, and dissuading men and women from unjust, and passion rousing quarrels. Mr. Sawyer thought it not only proper for him to *refuse* acting for those whose claims he thought dishonest, but he counted it also a duty and a privilege, say a mere Christian character to strive to persuade them to forget such claims. He sought fame and extensive practice as a means whereby to exert a *moral* influence, over the community; he thought a lawyer bound to serve, not his client only, but his God and country, and looked on him, who for gain would prosecute a suit which he thought unfair, as a traitor to his country, and his religion, *in act*, whatever he might be in intention. In short, as Bill Blunt said, "Sawyer is such a hanged fool as to think it an Attorney's business to help the parson to make men good Christians."

And now we shall let Mrs. Stiles state her business. It seems that her husband had sold and conveyed several lots, which her father had left in trust for her, and in such form that she, meaning to release her fee in the lots, had merely released right of dower—these lots she understood she could not get back.

"Did you ever receive the money for them?" said Mr. Sawyer.

"Certainly, sir."

"Was it a fair, full price for the land?"

"It was all we asked, sir."

"Did you sign the deed willingly?"

"Of course—do you think Jared would have driven me to do it?"

"Do you mean to convey a full title in fee, Mrs. Stiles?"

"Beyond doubt; but as we didn't, they tell me the land never passed."

"Suppose, Mrs. Stiles, the money had been paid before you had drawn the deed, should you have thought it honest, after getting the money, to refuse to give the deed?"

"Why, lawyer, that would have been thieving, right down."

"Well, Mrs. Stiles, you have not yet given the deed, shall I draw one for you to sign?"

"Why, bless your soul, Sawyer, that is the deed you have got in your hand."

"Mrs. Stiles, if you had given the man, when he paid you the money for the lots, a sheet of blank paper, and he had not looked at it, would that have been a deed?"

"Of course not."

"But you mean to give a full title in fee?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is not such a title any more than a sheet of blank paper; you have not yet given the deed. Shall I draw a quit claim for you to sign?"

Mrs. Stiles looked at me, and looked at the window, looked very much puzzled, and somewhat abashed. At last she said, "But don't the law say the land is mine, Squire?"

"We can't tell that," said Mr. Sawyer, "till the case is tried. First, let us get things straight, and have the bargain complete, and then, if you please, we will go to law about it."

The widow was fairly caught in the corner. At length, with a gasp, she asked how much he would charge for a quit claim deed; this charge, the Attorney told her, the other party would willingly pay, he had no doubt, and taking down a blank proceeded to fill it. Before we left, the bargain was complete, the deed was signed, witnessed and acknowledged.

"And pray," said the widow, as we walked home, "what sort of a lawyer do you call this man? I verily believe that he has cheated me out of all them lots; I have a great mind to go back and tear that deed all to flinders."

I assured her that not only was it too late, but that she had done the proper thing under the circumstances, and advised her in future, to employ no one but Mr. Sawyer. Much to my surprise, she took my advice, and that gentleman was henceforth her counsellor and solicitor.

Last week the Widow Stiles died, leaving me her executor. After the funeral, we opened the will, and found it, to our astonishment, in her own hand-writing.

"Know all men," it began, "that whereas I'm going to give something to my Attorney, I write this myself:—that is, I, Jane, relict of Jared Stiles, being of sound mind and body—know all men, that, whereas, said Attorney, to wit, videlicet: James Sawyer, of this said town that I'm of, namely, the town of Jackson, whereas, I say, first led me to see the folly of giving my old age to the heaping up of filthy lucre, and caused me to turn aside from a course that was, as I have since seen, wholly wrong, for which he be blessed in this life and forever. Therefore, know ye, that as a small token of respect and love for said Attorney, to wit, namely James Sawyer, who has, of late, been unfortunate and much distressed in worldly matters, I do hereby, by these presents, give, bequeath, will, leave, transfer, make over, and pass unto the aforesaid Sawyer, every cent I've got in the world; goods, chattles, lands, monies, books, dress, jewels, for his and his heirs' good, leaving it to him to give to my several friends, such articles as are marked with their names. Witness my hand and seal, Nov. 20th, 1830.

"JANE STILES."

Knowing, as I did, Mr. Sawyer's troubles in these hard times, I shook his hand most joyfully.

"It is a fee, my friend," said he, "that I must thank you for."

"She must leave $20,000," I replied.

"I was thinking," answered he, "not of the money, but the change of life and heart; *that* is the fee I *prize*."

A SHAVE.

A Kentucky friend, some years since, related to us the following anecdote, as having actually occurred in that State:—

There was a roystering sort of fellow, named Peter Russell, but usually called Pete Russell, who owned a good deal of property, and therefore had a pecuniary responsibility, though he was always in want of money, and frequently in the hands of shavers.

On one occasion, he went to a certain *accommodating* friend, to borrow two thousand dollars.

"Yes," said his friend, "Pete, I will lend you two thousand dollars, and without interest, too, if you will give me your bill for the amount on London."

"Oh, no!" replied Pete, "I can't stand *that*. If I give you a bill on London, the cursed thing will be back on me here under protest, in four months at farthest, and then I must pay the amount and twenty per cent. damages. That's too deep a dig."

"Well," said Shylock, "that is cutting it rather fat, I acknowledge; but I will tell you, Pete, what I will do. I will take your bill on London for two thousand dollars, and pay you for it two thousand two hundred, and when it comes back protested, you will have to refund the two thousand dollars and twenty per cent. damages, making together two thousand four hundred, which will leave me only two hundred dollars."

"Agreed!" said Pete, "I am willing to stand that."

So down they sat to prepare the documents.

"But who the deuce shall I draw upon in London?" said Pete. "I do not know a living soul there."

"It is perfectly immaterial whom you draw upon," said his friend. "So far as I am concerned, I am willing you should draw upon the town pump."

"By Jove!" said Pete, "I have it—I'll draw upon my cousin, the Duke of Bedford."

It will be recollected that the family name of his grace is Russell, and Pete was in the habit of boasting that he descended from the same stock. So Pete "let fly his kite" for two thousand dollars on his grace of Bedford, and received the stipulated amount of two thousand two hundred dollars. The bill, of course, had to be sent out to London, to be presented to his grace, and regularly protested, in order to establish a legal claim upon the drawer. One morning it was accordingly found, with other documents, on the table in the Duke's study, having been left for acceptance or payment.

"And who," said his grace of Bedford, taking up the bill, and addressing his man of business, "is this Peter Russell, that is drawing on me for two thousand dollars? I never heard of him before, and do not know by what authority he does so."

"I am equally ignorant, your grace," said the steward. "I know nothing of him."

"Well," said his grace, after musing a moment, "it is very probable, now, that he is some poor and distant branch of my family, who has wandered away off there to the wilds of Kentucky, and is in distress; the amount is but a trifle; let the bill be paid;" and paid it was.

In due course of time Pete's friend got back two thousand dollars, less banker's commissions, and without interest, for two thousand two hundred he had paid Pete some months previous.

It was a regular shave, only the shaver became the shavee.

Our friend, from whom we had the story, said he never heard whether Pete ever renewed the operation.

We can only add, that we have often wished we had such a cousin in London.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

THE PRIEST-RIDDEN QUEEN.

In 1792, the Portuguese minister engaged Doctor Willis to attend the late Queen of Portugal who was in a state of lunacy, the effect of superstition. The doctor was offered £20,000, but conceiving this offer to implicate a stay longer than was consistent with his inclination, he accepted of $10,000, which, with £1,000 per month, formed the total of his allowance, exclusive of what the gratitude of the Portuguese nation might allot to him at the recovery of the sovereign.

The doctor accordingly sailed for Lisbon, where on his arrival, he was introduced to his royal patient. A few days' attention to what was going forward, soon convinced him of the nature of the Queen's malady; when he unwittingly wrote the following, as the first prescription.

"*The Priests to be dismissed!*"

A friend to the doctor wrote him a few hasty lines, almost immediately after the promulgation of the prescription, that if he had any regard for his life, to make his immediate escape.

The doctor, too late, saw his impropriety;—took the friendly hint; put himself in an open boat, and escaped to an English vessel lying in the Tagus, which soon bore him out of the reach of the fangs of the infuriated priesthood.

DISPOSAL OF A WIFE.

The Duke of Lauraguais, who was one of the most eccentric and profligate noblemen who lived before the French revolution, in recounting his ruined fortunes, thus concludes:

"But now the only treasure that remains to me is this," pointing to a ring on his finger, "a treasure which no earthly power shall prevail upon me to part with. It enables me to bear up with all my misfortunes—it is my sole consolation; this, sir, is my wife—my beloved wife!"

I thought of the refuge for lunatics, and my countenance probably expressed my feelings.

"No, sir, I am not mad; this ring, or rather part of it, was once a beautiful and amiable woman—she rendered me, during her lifetime, the happiest of mortals; and when her soul winged its flight to the celestial regions, I was determined that so much beauty and loveliness should not become the prey of vile reptiles. I applied to Vandenberg, the chemist, who, having placed the remains in a sheet of asbestos, it was committed to the flames, and reduced by violent heat to a small quantity of powder, which afterwards, by some chemical preparation, was converted into a blue vitrified substance: here it is, sir, set in a gold ring—the very quintessence of my adorable partner!"

Major Bridges.—Once upon a time a certain English Lord gave a grand gala to the members of the Volunteer Corps in his neighborhood, all of whom attended in *full uniform*. Among others, his Lordship's tailor was present, and the host came up to him, saying, "My dear sir, how d'ye do?—I beg your pardon; I forget your name, but I perfectly recollect seeing you somewhere before." The tailor was a little confounded by this particular notice, and as the best way of making himself remembered, whispered,—"*I made your breeches.*" The noble Lord, thinking the tailor had informed him of his name, turned round, and took him by the hand, exclaiming,—"*Major Bridges*, I am happy to see you!"

The Olio.

LET US HOPE FOR BRIGHTER DAYS!

Let us hope for brighter days!
We have struggled long together,
Hoping till the summer's rays,
Might succeed the wintry weather;
Hoping till the summer came,
That to us seemed winter still,—
Summer—winter—all the same!
To our hearts so cold and chill.

Let us hope for brighter days!
Surely they must come at last,
And we see the sailor says,
When the storm has hurried past:
So as, 'mid the storm, we know
That the sunbeam *will* succeed,
Let us not our hope forego
In our darkest hour of need.

Music.—Every woman who has an aptitude for music or for singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers, or win applause from a crowd, but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections is far from being perceived by many of its admirers: a sweet melody binds all hearts together, as it were, with a golden cord; it makes the pulses beat in unison, and the heart thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending; it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling—a merry tune for the young, a more subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy clap-trap which is so popular in public. It is a mistake to suppose that to enjoy music requires great cultivation; the degree of enjoyment will, of course, vary with our power of appreciation, but like all other great influences, it is able to attract even the ignorant; and this is what the poets taught when they made Orpheus and his brethren the civilisers of the earth. In cases where musical instruments are not within reach, we may modulate our own voices, and make them give forth sweet sounds; we may sing those simple strains which require neither teaching nor skill, but which, if they come from one heart, are sure of finding their way to another.

Paley.—A correspondent of the Athenæum has discovered that Paley's Natural Theology is copied from a series of papers which appeared about the end of the seventeenth century, in the Leipsic Transactions, by a Dutch philosopher, named Nieuwentyt. It is extraordinary that this discovery was not made before, seeing that the papers, after having been published at Amsterdam about the year 1700, were afterwards translated into English by Mr. Chamberlayne, and published by Longman & Co., in 1818, about fifteen years after Paley's Natural Theology appeared. As Paley quotes Nieuwentyt, from the Leipsic Transactions, he, of course, must have known of and perused them. Parallel passages are printed side by side in the Athenæum.

LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

I saw at Frankfort a very intelligent and respectable young lady, who, after much opposition on the part of her family, married the man whom she passionately loved. An accident occurred at the birth of her first child, which was followed by a long weakness; on recovering from which she had altogether lost her recollection of the time which had passed since her marriage, inclusively. She remembered distinctly every thing down to that date, but nothing beyond it.

At first she repelled with alarm both her husband and her child, and she has never since been able to recover her recollection of that period, and of the events which accompanied it.

Her parents and friends have succeeded, by reasoning and by the authority of their testimony, in persuading her that she was married and had a son; she believes them, because she is more willing to suppose that she has lost the recollection of a whole year, than that they are all impostors. She sees her husband and her child, without being able to imagine by what magic she has acquired the one and given birth to the other.

A Goose Story.—At the flour mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, Ireland, while in the possession of the late Mrs. Newbold, there was a goose, which, by some accident, was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or gosling.

Now, it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck eggs under a hen, which in due course were incubated; and, of course, the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker—her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile, up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly (being interpreted,) meant, leave them to my care, she swam up and down with the ducklings; and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great flustration. On this occasion, we are not at all sure that the goose invited the hen, observing her maternal trouble, but it is a fact, that she being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event. Day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down, in perfect contentedness and good humor, numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to the days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.—*Rev. C. Otway.*

Franklin's Post-Office Ledger.—Mr. Cist, of Cincinnati, recently visited Washington, and of course, all ancient and curious things there concentrated were looked up. He says:

I was shown by the chief clerk in the interior department of the Post-Office, the first Ledger opened by the United States, during the administration of Dr. Franklin, the first Post Master General in the service. It is a black book of some three or four quires, very little superior to an every day blotter of the present age, but sufficient to hold all the Post Office accounts, three or four years from the establishment of the office, June 19, 1775. I observe Dr. Franklin charges himself with one year's salary, from that date—$1,000. It serves to give a forcible impression of the progress of this department since, that all the entries are made in his own writing, while at this time there are over one hundred and twenty persons employed in various capacities in this department.

Method of Welding Iron, Steel, and Sheet Iron.—A New French Discovery.—In an earthen vessel melt borax, and add to it 1-10th of sal ammoniac. When these ingredients are properly fused and mixed, pour them out upon an iron plate and let them cool. There is obtained a glassy matter, to which is to be added an equal quantity of quick lime. The iron or steel which are to be soldered are first heated to redness; then this compound, first reduced to powder, is laid upon them —the composition melts and runs like sealing wax; the pieces are then replaced in the fire, taking care to heat them at a temperature far below that usually employed in welding; they are then withdrawn and hammered, and the surfaces will be found to be thus perfectly united. The author asserts that this process, which may be applied to welding sheet iron tubes, never fails.—*Rev. de la Polytech.*

Origin of Gee and Who.—Dr. Pegge, a curious antiquary attempts to explain the origin of these words, so much in use with carmen and drivers of oxen. He derives "gee" from the German word geh, which is the second person singular of the imperative of "gehen," to go.

"Wo," or "Who-o," he derives from the Danish word ho, which means stop. The French say "ho-la," "stop there." And in Shakspeare's "As You Like It," we find the following: "Cry ho-la to thy tongue, I pry'thee, it curvets unseasonably." Among nautical persons, also, when a vessel is spoken at sea, it is usual to cry "Ship ahoy," that is "Ship stop." So in like manner, a little trading vessel, which the English term a "hoy," probably derives its name from stopping at different places to take in goods and passengers, when hailed from the shore.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 26, 2, 6, 21, 1, 3, 36, was an Assyrian prince.
My 29, 4, 19, 13, 36, was a dialect used in Athens.
My 31, 21, 25, 34, 17, 25, 5, 26, was one of [illegible] Lieutenants.
My 31, 21, 26, 20, 33, 17, 15, 16, 23, was the grandfather of Astrubal.
My 12, 31, 3, 26, 15, 23, 36, was a [illegible] of Africa, on the Lesser Syrtis, in which Leptis stood.
My 35, 17, 16, 24, 29, 15, 33, 21, was an Assyrian Queen, who raised many noble edifices in Babylon.
My 23, 21, 26, 17, 31, 13, 21, 7, 36, was a son of Orestes, who reigned after his father, and was at last driven out of Peloponnesus, by the Heraclidæ.
My 7, 6, 12, 29, 11, 23, 11, 7, 5, 26, was remarkable for the arrival of Ceres in Attica, after the rape of her daughter Proserpine, as also for the institution of the mysteries of Eleusis.
My 3, 21, 11, 9, 26, was a mountain through which Xerxes caused a canal to be cut.
My 13, 15, 14, 19, 26, [illegible], was an [illegible] French chronicler.
My 28, 6, 21, 23, 34, 17, 26, 10, 12, 23, 15, 21, 8, 26, 11, was deservedly celebrated as one of the restorers of classical learning, and more, perhaps, than any other person, as the father of modern poetry.
My 9, 8, 30, 35, 1, 17, 26, was the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots.
My 1, 12, 20, 6, 27, 3, 26, married the daughter of a Grecian prince, and was deemed the first founder of Athens.
My 3, 24, was a river which was famous for the death of Phaeton, who, as the poets mention, was thrown down into it by the thunderbolts of Jupiter.
My 30, 3, 6, 26, 33, 1, 26, was celebrated for its box and yew trees.
My 34, 24, 31, 8, 14, 24, 26, was a distinguished Portuguese poet.
My 18, 15, 31, 29, 34, 12, is a country in Europe.
My whole has been accomplished by an American hero.
[illegible]

CHARADE.

My first proclaims my whole is near,
My second fills the soul with fear;
My whole mid woods and rocks is found,
And gives a [illegible] and deadly wound.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a little thing that's found in divers lands,
It teaches many things, but nothing understands;
It's found in every kingdom, yet not in earth or sea,
It's in all kinds of timbers, yet not in any tree;
It's in all kinds of metal, but yet as I am told
It's not in iron, brass, tin, silver nor in gold.
All England cannot show it, yet in Rome it still appears
Once in every minute, yet not in twenty years.
And though you seldom think of it, it's never out of mind,
And always in its proper place Indeed you may it find.
W. H. GAGE.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

If $100, being put at interest at a certain rate, will at the end of three years be augmented to $115 [illegible] cents, (Compound Interest being computed,) what was the rate of interest it stood at? V.

The area of a right angle triangle is three acres and three roods, and the hypothenuse is to the perpendicular as 5 to 3. What is the length of the sides of the triangle? N. E. K.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter S like a military furnace?
Ans.—It makes hot, shot.

☞ Whether were knees or elbows made first?
Ans.—Knees. Because beasts were formed before man.

☞ When you go to bed why is your slipper like an unsuccessful dun?
Ans.—Because it is put off till the next day.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST

ENIGMA—John Eaton Gillespie.

CHARADE—Hermit-age.

ANS. TO THE ARITHMETICAL QUESTION OF SEPTEMBER 9th.—$94.50

ANS. TO THE QUESTION PUBLISHED LAST WEEK.

The first or lower piece,	4.4041 feet.
The second or middle piece,	5.7386 "
The third or upper piece,	13.8574 "
Given the whole cone,	24 feet.

JACOB COOK.

Agricultural.

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.

Every farmer ought to be so far acquainted with the history of all ordinary plants and trees, as to know their nature, country and condition. Such knowledge, besides being on every account proper and desirable, will sometimes explain phenomena in their habits that would otherwise appear anomalous and inexplicable.

Wheat was brought from the central table land of Thibet, where its original yet exists as a grass, with small mealy seeds.

Rye exists wild in Siberia.

Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya.

Oats, wild in Northern Africa.

Maize, Indian Corn, was brought from America.

Rice, from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and from thence to Europe and America.

The Garden Bean, from the East Indies.

The Horse Bean, from the Caspian Sea.

Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Tartary.

Rape Seed and Cabbage grow wild in Sicily and Naples.

The Poppy, from the East.

The Sunflower, from Peru.

Flax or Linseed, is, in Southern Europe, a weed in the ordinary grain crops.

The Raddish, from China.

The Garden Cress, out of Egypt and the East.

Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.

The Nettle, which sometimes furnishes fibres for spinning, is a native of Europe.

Of Dye Plants the Madder comes from the East.

Dyers Weed grows in Southern Germany.

Safflower, from Egypt.

Dyers Knotgrass, from China.

Hops come to perfection as a wild plant in Germany.

Mustard and Carryway Seed the same.

Anise, from Egypt and the Grecian Archipelago.

Koriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.

Saffron, from the Levant.

The Onion, out of Egypt.

Horseradish, from South Europe.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia, Tobago, and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia.

Fuller's Teasel grows wild in Southern Europe.

The Grasses are mostly native plants, and so are the Clovers, except Lucerne, which is a native of Sicily.

The Gourd is probably an Eastern plant.

The Potato is a well known native of Peru and Mexico.

Turnip and Mangold Wurzel come from the shores of the Mediterranean.

Moolrabi and White Turnip are natives of Germany.

The Carrot is supposed by some to have been brought from Asia, but others maintain it to be a native of the same place as the White Turnip.

Amongst other kitchen garden plants, the Spinach is attributed to Arabia.

The Cucumber, from the East Indies.

The Melon, from Kalmuck.

Parsley grows in Sardinia.

Celery, in Germany.

Of Fruit Trees and Shrubs, the Currant and Gooseberry came from Southern Europe.

Medlar Pear and Apple are likewise European plants; but the Seckle, the best of Pears, is traced to near Philadelphia, as its original locality as far as known.

The Cherry, Plum, and Almond came from Asia Minor.

The Walnut and Peach, from the same country.

The Citron, from Media.

The Quince, from the Island of Crete.

The Chesnut, from Italy.

Of Forest Trees, the majority are native plants of England, except the Pine and Horse-Chesnut, the former of which was brought from America, and the latter from Thibet. But the greatest variety of Oaks and other fine timber trees, are natives of North and South America.

The Huckleberry is a native of Asia, Europe, and America.

The Cranberry, of Europe and America.

FLORENCE WHEAT.

Aldie, Loudoun Co., Va., Aug. 9.

To the Editor of the American Farmer.

Dear Sir,—In the last number of the Farmer, you make mention of a wheat raised by Col. Belt, and called Monument Wheat, which differs so materially from a new variety which I have obtained from the same source, as to cause me no little surprise. I send you enclosed a few grains of my wheat, which I call the Florence Wheat, from Greenough's statue having been made in that city. Its history is as follows: When Greenough's statue of Washington was unpacked in the rotunda of the Capitol, Mr. James D. Waller, assisted by some of the other guards of the building, collected about half a gill of wheat from among the straw with which the statue was packed, and brought it to my grandfather, Major Wm. Noland, then Commissioner of Public Buildings. My grandfather carefully sowed and preserved it, and upon his leaving out his farm three years ago let me have the wheat, which had increased to three pecks. I sowed it, but the hogs got into it and injured it so much that I only was able to save about a bushel, which I then sowed and got twelve. Last fall I sowed the twelve bushels on a piece of corn ground, and hope I have made one hundred and fifty, having not yet finished it out. As far as my observation of this wheat goes, I consider it superior to anything with which I am acquainted. It is a white-flint wheat with a smooth head and a purple straw, and weighed last year sixty-four pounds to the bushel. It is a wheat of an extremely vigorous growth, grows from six to twelve inches higher than any other kind which I have, and I believe it to be equally fly proof with the Mediterranean, having never been injured, whilst other kinds of wheat in the same field have been much injured by the fly. I think this variety is a valuable acquisition, and hope to be able next year to supply a number of good men who may desire it with seed. Should I have an opportunity, I will send you an ounce of the wheat and some of the heads, and will also deposit some of it in the Patent Office.

Yours, very respectfully,
EDMUND BERKELEY.

P. S. This wheat was sowed in October after the balance of my wheat was sowed. It was, however, about the first that ripened, and produced at least five bushels to the acre more than the other wheat in the field.

Remarks by the Editor.—We [illegible] to have preserved the head of wheat sent us by Col. Belt, as described in p. 50 of our August number, and on comparing the grains with those sent us by Mr. Berkeley, we find the latter's are larger and longer, while the [illegible] to be entitled to be called White Wheat, it being [illegible] darker than that raised by Mr. B. As both were taken out of the *straw* with which Greenough's statue of Washington was packed, there must have been *two kinds*, as while that of Mr. Berkeley's is *smooth headed*, that of Col. Belt's is *bearded*. Both are excellent [illegible] varieties, and will, we have little doubt, prove to be great acquisitions to our country.

Mr. Berkeley's specimen is among the most *beautiful* White Wheat we have ever seen—it is *fair* and as *plump* as a squab, and heavy withal.—*American Farmer.*

THE WILD POTATO.

The Journal of Commerce some time since published a paragraph from a California letter, suggesting the obtaining of the wild potato from that distant region to avert the potato rot, so extensively affecting the cultivated root. A correspondent, Dr. McCall, writing to me from Wytheville, Va., under date of February 1st, 1847, says:—"On Gauley River, near Kanawha, and in the Hurricane District of Western Tennessee, the wild Irish potato may be had, and in three years many varieties may be obtained from it fresh and renewed. There is a fine artichoke of the South, which for table use should be extensively cultivated. The eatable part of the artichoke when boiled or trimmed, is as large as a goose egg, and most delicate flavor. The artichoke family were the most ancient Lotus family of the Egyptians, and the wild onion, common among our mountains, shoots up its stem doubled, its top inclining downward, thus showing the origin of the most common Egyptian hieratic characters. There is a wild onion common in our mountains called the *Rhamps* [illegible] is strong and unpalatable.

"Near Huntsville, Ala., can be found in mountains the indigenous Tomato and Nicotianum Tobago in a wild and imperfect condition, and on the Tennessee and Cumberland River Islands can be obtained a peculiar artichoke resembling the sweet potato, some samples being one foot in length. It seems not to be generally known that these are natives of the United States. On the river banks this artichoke yields from 300 to 500 bushels per acre, and is very difficult to eradicate. It is the great lord [illegible] manufacturer of the Southern Swamps, and promises to annihilate the whole harpoon race of the [illegible]. There are also several dye-stuffs of vegetable and mineral character, dispersed and useless in vast districts, which are as good as similar articles brought from foreign places. Why does not some one look after these things?"

AMERICAN GRAPE CULTURE.

FROM THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

Number of Vines to the Acre.—At Cincinnati it is usual to plant vines out in vineyards, 4½ feet by four feet apart; or about 2,200 vines to the acre. In Berks county, Pa., the usual distance is 8 by 5 feet apart; this gives 1,452 vines per acre. In both the above cases the vines are tied to stakes six or seven feet high; one main branch is suffered to grow called the hoop, the end of which is tied to the next stake.

As our native vines are the most rampant and vigorous growers of any vines in the world, and in their natural state grow to the tops of the highest trees, there appears to be no good reason for dwarfing them in the manner practised in Cincinnati, and in Berks County.

When planted out about four hundred to the acre, and properly trained to a wire trellis, more grapes are produced to the acre, and having all the advantages of air and sun, they ripen better, are richer and sweeter, and worth more for table use or wine making.

Two facts will prove our position still plainer. Mr. Reser's vineyard at Cincinnati is planted with two thousand and three hundred Isabella and Catawba vines on one acre. The average annual produce of wine for ten years, ending the fall of 1846, was four hundred and seventy-nine gallons per acre, or not quite one quart to each vine.

Mr. Zeiber, at Reading, has produced forty-two gallons of pure grape juice wine, from *one* Isabella vine in one season—and for the reason that his vine had ample room. Thus it will be seen that twelve vines, with ample room for spreading over a large surface, would produce more wine than the twenty-three hundred vines of Mr. Reser.

It is seen that if vines were scarce, and very high priced, that twelve vines might be put on one acre to advantage. It would, it is true, require some time for the vines to grow a sufficient number of main branches to produce a full crop. But as vines can be had in abundance at low prices, say ten to fifteen dollars per hundred, we recommend about four hundred to the acre. These, if planted in 1849, will produce a small crop of fruit in 1850, and an increased quantity in 1851, and a full crop in 1852. How long vines will last, is not known.

There are no vineyards in this country in which the vines are worn out. We know of one vine of American grapes in Philadelphia, which has been in bearing for sixty-five years, and this season is producing an abundant crop.

Planting Out Vines.—The ground having been properly prepared, strike out furrows eight feet apart, running from north to south. Let the holes in the furrows be thirteen feet six inches apart.—This will require four hundred and three vines to the acre. Dig the holes from two to three feet across, and eighteen inches deep. If the soil is poor, mix two to three bushels of manure or compost with the soil taken from each hole. Fill up the holes within six or seven inches of the surface of the soil. Plant the lower part of the grape roots at the bottom of the hole (as partially filled up) and the upper part of the root just below the surface. Fill up the hole and cut down the vines to three good buds, and rub off the poorest buds soon after they commence growing.

Making the Trellis.—Procure five hundred locust, cedar, or chesnut posts, eight feet and six inches long, and the size of large fence rails. It is an excellent plan to cover the end of the posts that are inserted in the ground with common tar, or coal gas tar preserve them from the rot. Set out the posts twelve feet apart, along the rows, inserting them in the ground two feet; take *four* twelve penny nails to each post and drive one within half an inch of the head, near the top of the first post, the next nail one foot below, and so on. The posts at each end of the trellis should each be supported with a post, placed in a slanting position, to keep the trellis firm; take iron wire, No. 1, and cover it with paint, varnish, or tar, from the gas works, to prevent rust; taking a coil of wire, attach one end of it firmly to the upper nail in the end post, pass on, and putting the wire straight and tight, give it one turn round the upper nail in the second post; and so on, till the trellis is completed.

B. G. BOSWELL.

SWALLOWS.

These mysterious visitants, creatures of instinct, are by many persons supposed to perform their eccentric gyrations from mere caprice, while, in reality, they are amongst the very best friends of mankind. I would as soon see a man shoot one of my fowls or my ducks, or rather he would steal his fill of eggs from the hen roost, as shoot one of these beautiful annual visitants, or destroy one of their nests. My servants think I have a superstitious love, or, I said, or fear of them from the religious regard I pay to their preservation. If it were not for such beautiful and graceful birds, our crops would be totally annihilated. We have no idea of the numbers of each. Take the plant-louse —the British locust. Bonnet, whose researches on it remind us of Huber on the honey bee, isolated an individual of this species, and found that from the 1st to the 22d of June it produced ninety-five young insects, and that there were, in the summer, no less than nine generations. There are both wingless and winged, and Bonnet calculates a single specimen may produce 350,970,480,000,000,000 in a single year, and Dr. Richardson very far beyond this! Now when we see the swallow flying high in the air, he is busy every now and then snapping his bill, and swallowing these and similar destroyers. Now, if at this season a swallow destroys some 500 insects per day on an average, and estimating each of these the parent of one-tenth of the above number, it is beyond all appreciable powers of arithmetic to calculate. If, instead of paying boys for destroying birds and their nests, they would pay their cottagers' children a prize for every nest fledged of swallows, martins, and swifts, they would confer tenfold more benefit on their crops.—*Gardeners' and Farmers' Journal.*

HEN MANURE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Athens, September 18th, 1848.

Gentlemen:—I noticed in your paper of April 22nd, an enquiry by a young farmer how hen manure should be used. Should he not have received more satisfactory information, the result of my experiments are at his service.

I have used hen manure for the last four years, pulverised with a hoe, or shovel, upon my barn floor; then in the proportion of ten bushels hen dung, thus made fine, add ten bushels unleached ashes, and five bushels plaster, mix it well and leave it in a close pile or packed in barrels a few days, until it acquires the smell of pretty good hartshorn—when I get ready to plant corn, I drop upon each hill about one gill, before I cover with earth. Corn thus dressed will yield nearly double over the usual method of cultivating that crop. I also use it on my potatoes with good effect. To distinguish this compost from other manures, I call it "Guano." Yours, respectfully,

R. P. C.

Wire Worm.—A successful farmer of this vicinity, Mr. D. D. T. Moore, states that he has tried various substances for preventing the ravages of the wire worm, none of which excepting sulphur, proved of any use. An Irishman told him that sulphur had been used with advantage in Ireland. Before planting his corn, Mr. M. wet it and rolled it in flour sulphur, and afterwards coated it in plaster to prevent the sulphur from wasting. He saved a crop by this means where he had failed for three years before. We see no reason why the sulphur might not be equally effective for any other grain.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Clucking Hens.—I have known one or two doses of jalap relieve hens entirely from a desire to set; and, in my opinion, it is far better for the purpose than the cold water cure. I have known English fowls to lay in three weeks afterwards.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Varieties.

Shocking Catastrophe.—The late Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, being interrogated by an old woman of his congregation as to what he meant by the "catastrophe," of which he had spoken so much the previous Sabbath, explained the term to her as meaning "*the latter end of a thing.*"—This satisfied the old woman, who thought she might now safely introduce so fine a word into her own vocabulary. It so happened that the doctor had to pass the old woman's house that same evening; and being buried in deep thought, as he rode along, he did not observe that a large thorn had been fastened to his horse's tail until he came opposite the house and heard her shouting—"Ah, doctor, d'ye no see that big thorn at yer horse's *Catastrophe*?"

Destructive Kissing.—Cicero speaks of a bronze statue of Hercules, which had the features worn away by the frequent osculations of the devout. Several instances of the same kind have occurred in modern times. The face of a figure of the Saviour, among the bronze bas-reliefs which adorn the Casa Santa at Loretto, has in this way been quite kissed away. The foot of the famous statue of St. Peter, in the Vatican, has also lost much of its metal by the continual application of the lips and foreheads of votaries; and it has been found necessary to protect the foot of the statue of the Saviour, by Michael Angelo, in the Minerva, from similar injury, by a brass buskin.

☞ Milton's Masque of Comus has been produced at Burton's theatre, New York. This is one of the finest poems in the English language; if the playing and singing correspond, it must be a rare entertainment.

Iron.—A great reformer, who has come out of the interior of the earth to spread civilization on its surface.

J. H. Green is in New York, exposing there the mysteries and villanies of gambling.

Political Newspaper.—A winding sheet in which speeches are interred.